

With Corrections and material Additions.

(THE SEVENTH EDITION.)

THE
FEMALE
JOCKEY CLUB,

K OR A
SKETCH

OF THE
MANNERS OF THE AGE.

Amongst other highly distinguished Personages, Male and Female, celebrated in this Work, are the following:

Their Most Sacred Majesties
The R-y-l B-t-sh P-nc-sses
D-ch-fs of Y-ck
Her R-y-l H-n-fs P-nc-ss A-g-t-s
F-d-ck, late Lady A-g-ta M-r-y
D-ch-fs of D-v-nf-re
Lady Elizabeth F-ft-r
Comte de Fersan
Lady C--per
Sir Charles W-tw-th, K. B.
Lord H-rv-y
Dutchess of R-tl-nd
Dutchess of B-df-d
Lady L-de
Charles M-nf-n
Lord Ch-lm-de-ly
Miss G-nn-ng
Lord P-get
Duchess of G-d-n
Col. St. L-g-r
Mr. P-tt
Late King of Sweden
Lady W-r-n
Mr. D-d-fs
Lady B-th
Mr. P-lt-n-y
Mrs. R-b-f-n
Late Lord Littleton
Marchioness of S-l-sb-ry
Col. T-lt-n
P-ce of W-les
Mr. Hugo M-yn-l, Senior
Lady A-ch-r
M-gr-v-ne of A-p-ch
C. of B-ck-h-mf-re, late Mrs. H-b-t
Mr. Harry Er-ngt-n

Mr. J-kyll
Mrs. B-ft-w
Mrs. H-ft-r L-nch P-zzi
Countess of S-ft-n
Viscountess M-yn-d
Quick the Actor
Lady M-l-neux
Col. F-tzp-t-ek
Lady W-ll-ce
Abbe St. Fare
Marquis de la Fayette
Mr. Wright the Sheriffs' Officer
Lady L-c-n
Mrs. C-ghl-n
Mrs. Siddons
Mr. P-wis
Viscountess D-dl-y and W-fd
Earl Sp-nc-r
Late Col. Bosville
Viscount D-dl-y and W-rd
Viscountess H-mpd-n
Duke of M-tr-fe
Mr. Daniel H-les
Miss W-ft
Miss Elizabeth J-ffr-es
Mr. Fox
Earl F-rzw-ll-m
Lady Elizabeth L-ttr-l
Earl of C-rh-mpd-n
Dutchess of C-mb-l-nd
Countess Ty-c-n-l
General W-tf-n
Col. C-wth-rie
L--d D-l-v-l
The Blue Stocking Society, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FORMER JOCKEY CLUB.

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" — What swarms of am'rous Grandmothers we see,
" And Misses ancient in iniquity.
" What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming
" What lying, drinking, w——ng, swearing, gaming
" Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
" Such griping avarice, such profuse expence,
" Such feigned devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
" Such licensed ills, such prostituted times,
" Such venal faith, such misapplied applause,
" Such flattered guilt, and SUCH INVERTED LAWS,
" Such dissolution through the world I find,
" 'Tis not a World, but Chaos of Mankind ! " YOUNG.



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P R E F A C E.

INSTRUCTION should be the moral aim of every writer ; but to attain this laudable end, many and mighty obstacles are to be overcome. Prejudices and averfions, partialities and difgufts, local attachments and inveterate habits are to be laid afide. **T**RUTH alone muft be the bafis on which he refts his reputation. If he ever depart one fingle point from this ftrait line, his object is loft. He may entertain by his wit, or charm by his eloquence ; he can never convey improvement to the mind, or virtue to the heart of his reader. Fearlefs of reproach,

reproach, and armed with conscious rectitude, he must despise the menaces of individual resentment, and brave the fury of tyrannic power. He must submit with silent composure, to the insults of irritated folly, and hold in scorn, the vindictive outrages of exasperated vice ; never suffering himself to be warped from the object he professes to have in view ;——the triumph of *equity* and *reason*, whereon the welfare of society depends. On this principle, which reflection and humanity tell us is just, I have uniformly written. On the same principle I shall continue to write.

In the present, as in former instances, every weapon of malignity will be employed :—the rankest calumnies will be propagated, and all the forces of detraction let loose, to depreciate my book, and to embitter my existence ; but the worst shaft of my enemies is sped. I have long been a deserter from the circles frequented

mented by my calumniators, and have brought myself to consider their bitterest invective as the highest panegyric. In the course of life, I have been guilty of innumerable follies, but it is a joy, of which they can never deprive me, that on the severest scrutiny into my heart, I cannot charge myself with any flagrant crime. All the poisoned arrows of ingenious malice have been already pointed against me, but not yet mortally wounded, I return to the charge, "Frangas, non flectes."

It is easy to anticipate the stupid clamours that will again be vociferated by those *wisecracks* who are ever ready to pronounce *definitively*, before they have reflected *deliberately*; and by those *candid critics* who hesitate not to condemn, before they have discussed or read the subject of their condemnation.

For persons of this description, my talents, (such as they are), have at no
4 time

time been exercised. On such minds, TRUTH can work no impression. Her voice is only heard by those generous souls capable of reflection ; who have sensibility to bewail the terrible calamities which *error* and prejudice, sanctioned by authority, have spread over the world ;—who are enlightened enough to perceive, and honest enough to acknowledge the heavy chain of oppressions that goad and enslave it. From the above causes, proceed that brutish ignorance and servitude, into which priests and tyrants, through the impious fraud of church and state, have plunged the great mass of mankind—From them proceed, those false alarms and terrors conjured up by their priestcraft and statecraft, to kindle war, to *brutify* human nature, and induce men to butcher each other, for the most absurd, frivolous, and wicked pretences. From *error* and *prejudice* so affectionately cherished by all tyrants and their satellites, proceed

proceed those national enmities, those horrible proscriptions, those eternal wars, and revolting tragedies, that still continue to deluge the earth with blood. In a word, from the above causes, proceeds the uncertainty in which mortals remain, concerning their clearest duties, their self-evident rights. In every climate, man has hitherto been no better than a wretched captive, without energy, reason, or virtue ; from whom a banditti of merciless *gaolers* shut out the light of day.

How many noble spirits are now groaning in bondage, banished from their country and friends, owing to this source of calamity ; these *prejudices* and errors engrafted on monarchy and superstition, which enslave, impoverish, and lay waste the world.

To return from this digression.

The cry that formerly resounded against me was, “ that I had not even “ spared my *best friend*,”

“ *Nec cuiquam parcat Amico.*”

now I presume, the cry will be, that I have not spared my *dearest mistress*.

“ *Nec cuiquam parcit Amicæ.*”

The objection in either case is *equally just*; “how mean, how unmanly to
“calumniate helpless, unresisting wo-
“men.”

Such will be the clamour; but the philosopher, the man of sense, will judge differently; nor can I believe, from the majority of names and characters contained in this volume, that the amiable part of the sex will be offended at the freedom taken with those who disgrace it. On the contrary, it is on their suffrage and curiosity, that I greatly depend, for the most flattering approbation my book can receive.

At all events, I shall be countenanced in my present undertaking by the authority of the greatest ancient and modern writers, and shall have only to lament my own inability to
pursue

pursue the same path with more equal steps.

Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, Boileau*, Rochefoucault, La Bruyere, Pope, Young, &c. &c. all indulged their satire on this redundant subject; and I appeal to candour, whether those *British dames*, whom I have ventured to *recommend* to further notice, do not open an unbounded field for its widest range. So delicate however, is the sensibility of the present age, without confining the observation to either sex, that the follies and vices of the great must not be touched. They must have an exclusive patent for every crime. Through tattered rags, small vices will appear. Robes and fur gowns hide all.

I disdain the influence of such unjust, unnatural maxims; it is against the great, the rich, the powerful

* The satires upon women are universally considered as the chef d'oeuvres of Juvenal and Boileau's immortal productions.

alone, that my pen has uniformly been, and ever shall be directed; because, after the most impartial scrutiny into the state of civil society, I am morally convinced, that all the destructive vices, all the revolting scenes of hideous wretchedness we behold, flow from their selfish, obdurate example.

Nevertheless, the *wicked* reproach of *personality* will once more reverberate on my ear; but miserably impotent and defective must that satire ever prove, which does not strike at *persons*.

Lucilius, whom Horace describes as the inventor of satire, attacked all sexes and conditions *nominally* and *indiscriminately*,

“*Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.*”

Yet patricians of the highest rank and character in Rome; Scipio and Lælius did not regard this poet, as unworthy of their friendship, and occasionally assisted him in his writings. They

delivered up to his wholesome ridicule, the eccentric or vicious characters of the whole Republic, not even opposing the freedom, with which he indulged his Muse against Lupus and Metellus, persons of consular dignity.

“-----num Lælius, aut qui

“Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthaginenomen,

“Ingenio offensi, aut læso doluere Metello,

“Famosisve Lupo cooperto versibus?

—Horace likewise, so far from dreading persecution or any fatal consequences from the *personality* of his writings, not content with naming the *person*, is careful also to point out, the very foible of the fool or knave who fall under his satire.

“Pantolabo Scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.”

Yet Horace was not *prosecuted* for his works, although he lived under the government of a jealous and revengeful tyrant*, who had just esta-

* It must be admitted that Horace was by no means sparing of adulation on Augustus.

blished

blished a system of despotism, on the wreck of his country's freedom. Both the Emperor and his minister protected and encouraged him in his career. He was the friend of Mæcenæ, the favourite poet of Augustus.

Perfius, who flourished during the reign of Nero, was daring enough to satirize the tyrant himself; but the monster Nero, that enemy of human reason, that scourge of mankind, suffered Perfius to remain in quiet, conceiving it beneath the dignity of the purple, to interfere with the business of the poet.

The honest, but indignant muse of Juvenal, found a munificent patron in the mild Emperor Trajan, as did La Bruyere and Boileau a liberal protector in that sanguinary KING, Louis XIV.

Our own countryman Mr. Pope, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke on the subject of *personality*, remarks, "that
" the most complete triumph he ever
" felt,

“ felt, was on reflecting that wretches
“ who appeared insensible to every
“ thing else, were still affected by his
“ satires ;” so, if I could draw a tear
of sensibility, or extort a pang of
shame and remorse from the mar-
ble heart of a Lady A-ch-r or B-k-
h-mf-re, I should esteem myself *al-*
most as great a conqueror as the great
Lord M-lg-ve, our gallant defender of
Toulon, or even as our *r-y-l* Dunkirk
hero himself, who so oft in *embryo*,
has atchieved the conquest of France.

Under the sanction of such high
authorities, why then should an author
be afraid to give full scope to his ho-
nest indignation, that fools and rogues
may rest secure in the *privilege* of
transgression, and enjoy tranquillity ?
Never would I provoke a tear from
the eye of innocence, or plant a thorn
in the bosom of unprotected beauty ;
and I should hold myself infamous
were a single line ever to escape from
my pen, that could add to the afflic-
tions

tions of poverty, or increase the measure of unmerited misfortune. Such characters I have always held sacred; but let not others, who yield unbounded scope for satire's rod, escape its lash.

- " When flattered crimes of a licentious age,
- " Reproach our silence, and demand our rage,
- " When purchased follies from each distant land,
- " Like arts improve in Britain's skilful hand,
- " To chafe our spleen, when themes like these in-
 " crease,
- " Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
- " Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
- " And satirize with nothing but their praise?

I cannot however, agree with the poet Lucilius, as to the justice of general satire. Surely, the crimes of the poor, (if they deserve the name of crime), instigated by want and temptation, encouraged by example on all sides, besieged by seductive allurements of luxury and wealth, without any advantages from knowledge or education, launched on the wide world, friendless and forelorn, exposed
to

to all the danger of those allurements, have a just claim on our compassion and indulgence, while no plea of justification can in truth be admitted, for the fullen apathy of titled grandeur or flinty opulence, that amidst all the superfluities of studied enjoyment, can look on a fellow creature naked in the street, perishing with cold, and famished for want of a morsel of bread, without administering a drop of pity, to comfort the miserable outcast ; or indeed, if perchance the smallest mite be bestowed, the charity is almost universally accompanied with an insult or rebuke* ; the minds of such creatures

* Whoever is in the habit of walking the streets of London, must have been often struck with similar spectacles, and the humane observer will have been frequently shocked at the contemptuous and reproachful manner in which the *snug*, wealthy citizen, when giving his reluctant halfpenny confers the donation. Charity however is not wholly confined to the metropolis. Travelling lately through Reading, I saw a printed paper fixed on the wall of a turnpike-house, requesting in the magistrates' names, that no person would give any thing

c

creatures being wholly wrapt up in schemes of further aggrandizement and avarice, petrified by prosperity, grant not a moment's consideration to any subject, in which they do not conceive their own vile interest either directly or indirectly concerned ; yet with unparalleled effrontery, they dare to tell us, " that things cannot go

thing to the poor who, if they presumed to approach the town, parish officers were ordered to seize and commit them as vagrants to the house of correction. Let us then no more inveigh against our *just, merciful, and equal* laws ; much less, against our *wise, tender hearted* magistrates entrusted with the execution of them. Let every man who would strengthen the bond of fraternization in society, and by *desperate* innovation, rescue a fellow creature from the fangs of want, meet with his deserts.--May all LEVELLERS who would rejoice to behold a reform take place, which might do away the mischief resulting from unbounded wealth in one individual, and from extreme poverty in another, be hanged ; and may the *curst Revolutionist* who extending his *infernal* principles still further, would procure to every human creature a decent dinner to eat, and a comfortable bed to lie on, be *guillotined* !

We trust that these *congenial prayers* will recommend us to Mr. Reeves' tutelary patronage.

P R E F A C E.

go better, that our present happy system, (which yields every thing to the few, and withholds almost every thing from the many), is the *envy and admiration of the whole world.*" With this assertion they insult misery, while thousands within sight of their own *palaces*, have not bread to eat; while industry and labour are deprived of all their resources and reduced to beggary. —while perhaps, a mother with infant twins naked at her breast, is dying for want at their very doors. Such scenes I have often witnessed in those very quarters of the town where aristocracy flourishes most triumphant.

If the haughty Patricians, the opulent bankers, the mitred, pampered pluralists, the mercantile aristocracy of this country performed their duty; —if all the privileged orders, the superior ranks of both sexes, faithfully discharged the obligations which they owe to poverty and misfortune, prisons would not be filled with felons and

c 2 debtors,

debtors, our poor houses with innumerable outcast victims exposed to every worst species of tyranny and cruelty, nor our streets with starving beggars, whose hideous condition, it harrows up the soul of sensibility to behold. The system then, would be less intolerable.

Contemplate the hungry, rapacious stock jobbers, the *bold, adventurous* lottery brokers, driving their hard bargains, with a corrupt, hypocritical, speculating minister; each party accommodating the other; equal spoilers and plunderers of the public. Behold the C——, the R—— the T——, every one of these bloodsuckers wallowing in riches to the probable amount of half a million, still panting for more. Are the hearts of these leeches softened by the possession of such scandalous monopoly? Is one five hundred thousandth part of it devoted to any liberal or beneficial purpose? Is it not evident that
2 their

their avarice keeps pace with their wealth, and are not all their thoughts engrossed in forming projects of further accumulation ?

It is the most glaring outrage on common decency and humanity, for these monopolizers in league with Ministers, to proclaim the actual prosperity of Britain. If it be so, if the country be *bonâ fide* in that flourishing state in which it is pompously described, then they who exclusively enjoy the fruits of this prosperity, amidst such a deplorable scene of wretchedness as is every where visible, must be the most profligate, hardened race of men, that ever disgraced human life, to permit such a boundless sum of misery to exist ; to let famine stalk at large through the land, on the wreck of ruined commerce and manufactures, without offering the smallest pittance from their enormous, ill-gotten pelf for its relief.

Before administration shall again
dare

dare to order their Attorney General to institute prosecutions against men goaded by suffering, for giving vent to their complaints; let it remove the cause of those complaints. It is the prerogative of affliction to complain; more sacred, more natural, than any factitious titles or immunities which *privileged impostors* enjoy; but we are now told by our legislators, (our forefathers thought otherwise), that nothing ought to be dreaded from the prerogative of Kings, therefore they may indulge it according to their own discretion*. The RIGHTS OF MAN however, as we fatally experience at the present juncture, are not to be enjoyed with impunity. Against argument and reason, force is employed, and in virtue of Bastiles, irons, pillories, fines, and

BOTANY

* Such is the decent constitutional language almost unanimously used in both houses of parliament during the present session, 1794. It behoves the people to hold it in remembrance.

BOTANY BAY*, assertion triumphs over
proof

* Barbarous and persecuting as the spirit of the times may be, *opinions cannot be held libellous*, and the Author solemnly protests to God, that he had rather have been Claudius or Caligula, Nero, Tiberius, or the *Christian* blood-stained Constantine, than the man who, in cold blood, could deliberately sign a warrant of banishment, against those Patriot Martyrs, Muir, Skirving, Margarot, Palmer, and Gerald, whose only crime consisted in *having supported Mr. Pitt's own original doctrine of reform.*

If the purity of these men's lives were comparatively examined with the lives of their persecutors, what a mass of corruption would the latter appear.

Posterity however, perhaps the present generation, ere long, will reflect with amazement and indignation, that on the 8th of February, 1794, the four first named citizens, without a moment's previous notice, were surprized in their beds by the Newgate ruffians, chained and handcuffed like the vilest felons, and thus conveyed to Woolwich, where they were sent on board a transport ready to receive them. A few hours afterwards, the vessel dropped down the river, but during the short interval it remained at Woolwich, all communication was cut off between them and their friends. Even the wife of Margarot was denied admission to him. Such were the positive orders which the Commander said he had received from that *liberal-minded, incorrupt* Minister Mr. H-n-y D--d-ls. For

proof, and they carry all before them. The contest for the moment seems unequal, but *truth* has unfolded her banners, and immense numbers are daily repairing to her standard.

The vain pomp and pageantries of courts, the *crocodile* splendour of fortune, (whose character is faithfully described), have been always an ignis fatuus to seduce the people to their ruin. They have served as an useful shelter to every excess of folly, every enormity of crime: while the deepest distresses, the most urgent wants, are rejected as pleas of extenuation for the slightest transgressions often committed, because no other alternative presented itself, whereby the
crying

For the CRIMES with which they were charged; --for the conduct of the judges who tried, and for the *honourable impartiality* and *independence* of the SPECIAL JURIES who found verdicts against the pannels, we refer to their respective trials; on perusal of which, the dispassionate reader will be able to form a just opinion and to decide on the case.

crying exigencies of famished nature could be supported. Where then can be the crime, where the disgrace of striking at vice and folly, wherever they are to be found, intrenched under the ramparts of worldly prosperity; of persevering to advocate the cause of the oppressed, of striving to improve the condition of the poor, by awaking the rich to a sense of their duty towards them; of endeavouring to expose in genuine colours, the madness of entrusting one man with almost unlimited powers, that are only to cease with his life; powers which from the very essence of human nature, are morally sure to be abused*; of pointing out the ruinous tendency of enormous wealth, to harden the heart

* "Make me a King to-day (exclaimed St. André in the Jacobin club), and I shall be a Robber to-morrow." I beg leave to *qualify* the expression; "invest a man with full powers of g-v-m-t to-day, he will *most likely* abuse them to-morrow." *Exempli gratia*, WILLIAM PITT
d

heart of him who possesses it ; and finally, of proving, that all the wretchedness we perceive throughout the world is derivable from the above causes,—from having strayed so wide from the pure and equal system of nature ? “ *Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit**.”

Wealth and power are without dispute the *grand* corrupters, the *petrifiers* of the human heart. Whoever has attained the age of thirty, and held any intercourse with the world, if not convinced of this *truth*, must be either incapable of reflection, or so blinded by prejudice as to be impenetrable proof against it. Let us only recur to such examples as must have fallen within every man's observation in the journey through life. How many persons have we known, while under a cloud of adversity, the frowns of the world upon them, who appeared

* Juvenal.

the very milk of human kindness, never expressing a sentiment that did not breathe fraternal love and the purest philanthropy, regarding money as the most contemptible dross; happy to divide their slender moiety with the children of adversity; sympathizing in all their misfortunes, But let us contemplate these very identical persons on a future day, when suddenly or unexpectedly raised to a prosperous state; the blessings of fortune showered down upon them; what a reverse succeeds; the character alters with the situation; sympathy is at once destroyed; the companions of their unhappy hours forgotten; no marble or adamant harder than their souls, inexorably steeled against every generous or tender impression.

Let us now proceed to consider the nature of *power*, and we shall discover its baneful effects to be equally pernicious, and universal. Wives often set no bounds to the controul they have
d 2 assumed

assumed over their husbands. *Mistresses* never fail to abuse the dominion they hold over their lovers, when they have once gained an ascendant, becoming the *veriest Tyrants*; and where does history record a Monarch or a Statesman who has not more or less, been debauched by its seductions?

Nero in his youth, was distinguished for moderation, and afforded many tokens of a virtuous, compassionate disposition*, but no sooner elevated to the imperial purple, than his character underwent a complete revolution, the Man degenerated into a *Monster*; nor laws divine nor human, barred his way to the perpetration of

* We read in Suetonius, that Nero, before he was made Emperor, could only with the greatest difficulty, be brought to sign a warrant of death against the most flagitious criminal, and that he never failed to weep, in execution of that painful office. *KINGS*, in our days, from the frequent practice, appear perfectly easy and familiarized to this duty, and the sensibility of Nero did not survive his investiture with imperial power.

every crime ;—He gradually advanced from one enormity to another, and finally, to reach the climax of horror, struck at the author of his existence, and drenched his hands in a mother's blood.

But why go back to antiquity for proofs of my assertion ? What age is more redundant in similar examples than our own ? The *impudent* apostate,*

* The word IMPUDENT was never more characteristically applied to any man, than it is to this hardened Impostor. Other men in his place have fixed some bounds to their audacity, *but he knows none.* Secure in his Parliamentary majority, he vainly imagines the people at large a mere nonentity, and conceives that danger can never reach him ; thus, he sets the public at defiance, and inwardly laughs at their tameness and stupidity. Nevertheless, a storm may be gathering round him. No instance of *brutality* or *impudence* can surprise us in that man who loudly in the presence of his country, approved, and warmly commended the sentences of proscription, imprisonment, and transportation, passed against his fellow citizens, solely for attempting to procure a reform of grievances, *by the very same means which he himself a few years ago would have employed,* and on the principles of which, the people raised

tate, who at the beginning of his career, stood forth the *champion of the people's rights*, whose professions in the cause of reform, kept pace with the most sanguine enthusiasm of national credulity ; no sooner do we behold him, *this decreed enemy of the human race*, invested with power, than he at once throws off the mask, de-

raised him to his situation. All *amazement* on the score of *impudence* from him is at an end ; but we must still admire his *wonderful confidence* in the present system of delusion, as of late exhibited in his Majesty's (that is the Minister's) speech, where, at a moment, when every *Royalist* in the nation, was deploring with *broken heart*, the disgraces and defeats which had befallen the British arms, and the victories of the French, in honour of which a civic festival had been celebrated in Paris ; we are insulted with affected *serious* congratulations on the successes that had been obtained by the allied powers, and the HAPPY CHANGE that had taken place in their favour ; while eight days had not then transpired, since government received intelligence of the dreadful unparalleled disasters of Toulon, and of the brilliant and important conquests gained by the French, on the banks of the Rhine. When will the mote be extracted from the eye of Britons ?

ferts

serts his benefactors who trusted and exalted him, maintains with all his might the utmost stretch of royal prerogative, and comes forward the *avowed*, unblushing satellite of influence and corruption ;—when we reflect on this monster of obduracy, perfidy, and ingratitude, in whose breast neither shame nor pity ever found a moment's residence ; dead to every liberal passion of the soul ; who first beggared the nation by his taxes, and then afterwards enslaved it by his politics. —When we reflect I say, on the cold-blooded treachery of this man, Sejanus and Rufinus, profligate and cruel as they were, appear angels of light ; and we are inspired with disgust by the nation that tolerates such a Dæmon of political corruption, and base dissimulation. Nay, the reflection of a Traitor so long exulting in his crimes, his influence hitherto increasing, with the horrors he has produced, would almost tempt us to question the existence of an all-ruling wisdom,

wisdom, did not experience hold out to us this consoling truth. Such men are raised to power, that their fall may be more exemplary and tremendous.

“-----tolluntur in altum,

“ Ut lapsu graviore ruant*.”

The fate of Sejanus and Rufinus is well known, and probably we have not long to wait for a further illustration of the examples. Truth and error are now at issue. Error may have atchieved a deceitful, transitory advantage, but victory cannot long balance between them†. Tyrants have
often

* Claudian in Rufinum.

† The general principles and talents of the supporters of despotism, with the atrocious means adopted for its preservation, are the surest prognostics of its speedy dissolution. P-tt, G-nv-lle, Mansfield,---the whole nest of court vermin;---the opulent *Muckworms*, and NOBLE *Alarmists* would behold their country reduced to a state of the most grievous, intolerable bondage, rather than *imagine* one of their own *dirty* acres endangered;---the least of their absurd and exclusive privileges
called

often tortured the advocates of Truth and philosophy, but the cause has never failed eventually to triumph. Galileo died in a dungeon, after many, many years confinement at Florence ; but the system of Galileo survived the Martyr, and is now universally acknowledged throughout the civilized world. So, shall our cause speedily rejoice, its oppressors bite the dust, and expiate their crimes against virtue and freedom. So, shall the unfeeling apostate from the principles of his elevation, the guilty wretch who conceiving himself above the reach of justice, sanctions and applauds the cruelest punishments inflicted on others, for having only followed the ex-

called in question.—Such are the creatures, whose *imagined* interests and affected opinions are to triumph, over the immortal TRUTHS, which we have heard, not only from the most virtuous patriots, and wisest men of the *present age*, but which also have been transmitted to us by the most enlightened philosophers and disinterested characters of *all ages and all countries*.

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ample into which he himself betrayed them, be swept away, and a happy millenium succeed. The cloud seems gathering over the traitor's head, pregnant with ruin, and ready to burst upon him. Whenever the hour of retribution *may* come, an outraged, exasperated people, will admit no suspension of sentence. "There will then be no time for RELIGION or *hypocrisy* to go to work. They'll do the deed, and ne'er FAST NOR PRAY for it*. BOTANY BAY will *not* be the seat of punishment.

He will have no cause to shew, why judgment should not be immediately executed. He can never plead a title to indulgence or compassion from a people, whom he had betrayed and delivered up to the blood hounds of war;—whom he had beggared by his imposts, and goaded by his oppressions. As in the plenitude of his power, he never shewed mercy, so in

* Otway's Venice preserved.

his.

his downfall, he can expect none. As it was to the *Great*, *his* favors were exclusively granted; so by the *Poor*, whom he oppressed, will his fate be finally pronounced. In that awful moment, his coward heart, will again shrink from danger, as we formerly witnessed on return from his *triumphal* entry into the city of London, when he was assailed by half a dozen Irish chairmen attached to Mr. Fox's party, who drove this *nicknamed* *heaven-born Minister* before them; his cheeks blanched with fear, and reduced him to the *disgrace* of flying for shelter to White's drinking brothel in St. James's street, where he now forever celebrates his nocturnal orgies. Let us then leave him to his doom.

In delineating the following characters, I have confined myself to no particular style; careful only to preserve the most faithful likeness of the originals. While the conduct and ex-

ample of their *superiors*, (both men and women), continue to have such vast influence in vitiating or amending the morals of society, the people cannot be too well informed of the manners and habits of these superiors, in order that they may be enabled to judge what degree of faith is due to the opinions of such persons, and how far they are worthy of respect, or objects of emulation. The *satire* will be too pointed, ever to be misunderstood, and I trust the *serious* reflections with which it is interspersed, even in this *iron* age, will not be altogether unimpressive. The object of these writings is to give a perfect sketch of the manners of the day, from which subject, moral and political observations must necessarily *occur*, and as they do *occur*, it will be perceived, that I indulge all the honest freedom of truth; but in the sincerity of truth, I swear, that in no one instance, are they tainted with SECRET malice and revenge, growing

growing from *personal* animosity or disappointment. *Open* enmity against those whom I regard as the foes of humanity, leagued against the freedom of nations, against the peace and happiness of the world, to perpetuate their own unjust, partial, and murderous system, it is my glory to avow. The language marked by my pen, is the language that flows from my heart, which alive to the miseries and wrongs of my fellow creatures, glows with indignation against Minions whom it considers as the authors of them.

I have endeavoured in this preface to vindicate the principles on which the work is founded, and to prove from the greatest examples both of ancient and modern times, that the subject is fair and honourable ; but I am not so ignorant of the *gallantry*, *loyalty*, and enthusiasm peculiar to most of my countrymen at the present crisis, as to suppose, that *my exertions* will not be honoured with their *denunciations* ; conscious, how-

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ever,

ample of their *superiors*, (both men and women), continue to have such vast influence in vitiating or amending the morals of society, the people cannot be too well informed of the manners and habits of these superiors, in order that they may be enabled to judge what degree of faith is due to the opinions of such persons, and how far they are worthy of respect, or objects of emulation. The *satire* will be too pointed, ever to be misunderstood, and I trust the *serious* reflections with which it is interspersed, even in this *iron* age, will not be altogether unimpressive. The object of these writings is to give a perfect sketch of the manners of the day, from which subject, moral and political observations must necessarily *occur*, and as they do *occur*, it will be perceived, that I indulge all the honest freedom of truth; but in the sincerity of truth, I swear, that in no one instance, are they tainted with SECRET malice and revenge, growing

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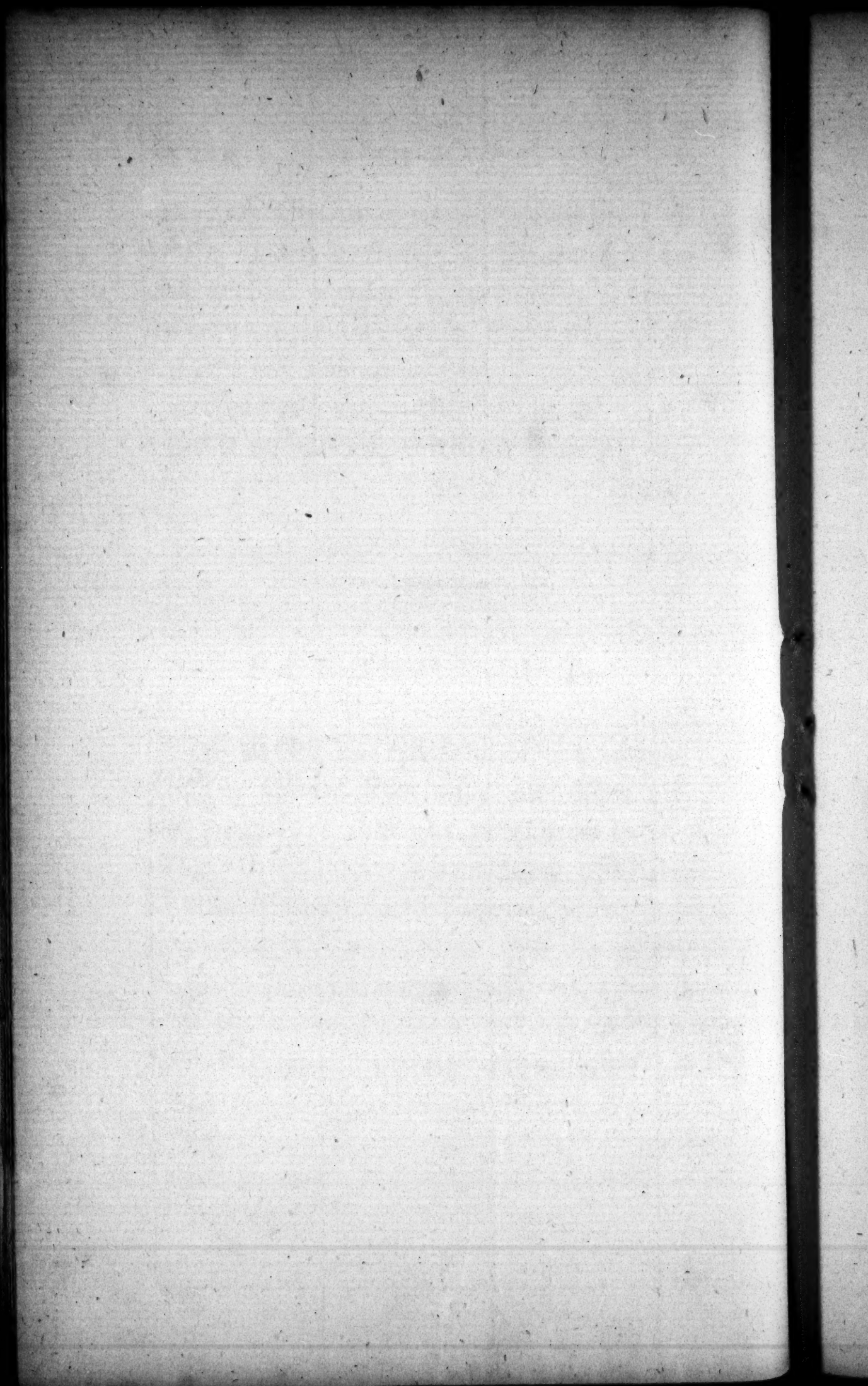
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ever,

ever, of the integrity with which I write, I am perfectly indifferent as to the verdict I may receive from them ; anxious only to obtain the suffrage of those who are the friends and advocates of TRUTH,—the lovers of their kind ; to whom, without waiting for their permission, I dedicate my book.

P O S T S C R I P T.

AS in the last editions of the former Jockey Club, Part 1st, and Part 2d, the publisher thought proper to introduce three new characters, Messrs. Conft, Mingay, and Lowten ; the author assures the public, that he never wrote a panegyric on those men, and that their characters were inserted altogether without his knowledge or consent.



THE
FEMALE
JOCKEY CLUB.

THE R—Y—L B—T—SH P—C—SS—S.

WE have frequently on former occasions inveighed against the stupid barbarous prejudices of Royalty, as creating unnatural distinctions fatal to the happiness and comforts of society, centering in one narrow focus, and lavishing on one individual, those treasures which would rejoice the hearts of millions, and remove every appearance of penury and wretchedness from the face of the earth. In another sense, these prejudices deserve no less to be condemned, sacrificing the
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loveliest part of the creation to the sterile solitude of celibacy, as if *Royalty* were incompatible with *Nature*, and to be born a *Princess*, were sufficient to preclude, from all her dearest and most exquisite enjoyments.

True indeed, royal blood is not of itself considered a barrier against the rites of *Hymen*, but when we reflect how few are eligible to marriage with the daughter of a king, and on the other insurmountable difficulties, which *Etiquette* opposes to such unions, it may fairly be said, that they almost amount to *absolute exclusion*.

It would argue a callous heart to behold the royal virgins who form the subject of this chapter, without feeling the complete force of the above reflection. In the bloom of youth, in all the glowing exuberance of health, formed as it were by nature expressly for those ineffable delights, from which this miserable etiquette of regal grandeur has debarred them, in full meridian of all their splendour, possessing every exterior advantage calculated to excite vulgar envy or admiration, so dear to the female mind, pampered by foreign luxuries, and a naturally sanguine temperament enflamed by diet, still are they less blessed, than the
poor

poor peasants daughter, born humble, or bred hard, who free and unrestrained, simplicity and truth her guides, giving scope to her sensibility, flies to her rustic lover's arms, and there loses herself in a delirious trance of extatic joy.

In foreign courts, the misery of this elevated station is not so sensibly felt, because the etiquette is far less severe. At Versailles, under the old French monarchy, passions ranged free as air, no sooner inspired than means were found of indulging them. Example served to enforce GREAT NATURE'S laws, and VENUS did not wait for HYMEN'S mysteries, to sanctify consummation. In this particular instance only, did *Nature* triumph at the old French court.

At the court of Berlin, still greater latitude is allowed. There, every woman professes gallantry; every youth is a *lover* or BELOVED; the king himself a GENERAL lover.

In the courts of Italy, the *ladies* have all their *Cicisbeos*; conjugal jealousy is unknown to the husband; the wife feels it only for her gallant, the husband for his mistress, and the climate will not admit of unnatural restrictions.

But in the British court, where connubial chastity sits enthroned, where female gallantry is considered as an unpardonable crime, and where Hypocrisy too often puts on the mask of pudency, to conceal the burning ardor of stifled passion;

- ‘ There, if woman, sense and nature’s easy fool,
- ‘ If poor weak woman swerve from virtue’s rule,
- ‘ If strongly urged, she quit the thorny way,
- ‘ And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
- ‘ Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
- ‘ And one false step entirely damns her fame*.”

It can never be sufficiently regretted, that courts are not more uniform in their example:—that they should be partial, and not general in support of virtue. But there, alas! Nature is eternally distorted. The sensible unfortunate woman who obeys her commands, is disgraced, held up as a vile criminal, and through the influence which these courts have obtained, hurled down from her rank, becomes at once an outcast of society; while the *real*, the *grand* criminals, they who outrage nature in torturing her productions, who live by hypocrisy, and riot on the plunder of indigence

* Jane Shore.

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and labour—They, at whose repelling gates *Lazarus* stands shivering, benumbed by the piercing blasts of winter, all blotched with leprosy and disease, the dire effects of his forlorn, houseless condition, are presented as paragons of perfection, models of imitation; thus, by their example, hardening the heart, and poisoning the source of all true virtue and happiness.

It is by straying so far wide from Nature's rules, abiding by those dreadful prejudices which tyrant Custom, under a most immoral sanction, has introduced, that we are now condemned daily to hear of the distracted and desolating scenes, from which humanity at first revolts, but from which it still derives a ray of consolation and of joy, under the delightful hope, that they will at length force us to return to the right path, and effectually to destroy those barbarous unnatural distinctions, originating in usurpation, founded in conquest, and which never should be allowed to exist in a society composed of beings of the same species, any further than as one person may have a claim of precedence over another, by superior excellence in wisdom or in virtue. That is the only just criterion whereby mor-

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tals have a right to be guided, in the distribution of exclusive honours and rewards.

But the tyrannical custom of courts serves even to poison the existence of those who appear most interested in their preservation. It often condemns them to eternal privation of those heavenly enjoyments, which *Nature* has indulgently yielded, to make the bitter draught of life go down. It deprives the offspring of Royalty of those common, but inexpressible pleasures, in which the meanest classes of society are blessed. Stupid infatuation! Degraded condition of humanity! Can it be morally or politically proved, that the world is wiser or better from these factitious preposterous institutions? On the contrary, does it require the capacity of an idiot to convince us, that the present expiring system has been an eternal source of corruption and misery to us all? as happiness can never be perfect; (it were impossible to be so), while we are thus distracted amongst ourselves, while even the children of monarchs are forbidden to partake in what constitutes the chief solace and delight of existence;—while some creatures are revelling in all superfluous delicacies and luxuries, at the same time that others are
exposed

exposed to perish for want of convenient necessities: no bond of fraternal union to connect them together.

This digression cannot be irrelevant from the present article. They who are the subjects of it must often themselves lament the cruel absurdity complained of, for *nature will prevail*, nor can there possibly exist a rational cause, why their royal birth should be held an obstacle against those pleasures and advantages which plebeians are still suffered to enjoy.

In short, morals and politics forbid all such restraints. To thwart *nature*, must be ever fatal: in obeying her decrees, we must ever be right, and according to this logical truth, what must be the character of courts in eternal variance and contradiction with her unerring laws? But it is impossible to calculate the evils resulting from these *royal* exclusions. Have we not heard of the most desperate excesses, even of incest, being committed in consequence thereof? A sister raging with the fire of nature, checked in her course, flies to a brother's arms, and, regardless of the crime, consults alone the gratification of her burning passion.

Such

Such things we know have been, and such things must ever be, as long as we attempt to interrupt nature in her operations.

If however these *imperial* victims be at any time fortunate enough to gain permission to participate in the rights of their creation, by what sacrifice is it obtained? They must consent to engage in the *holy* state of matrimony with those whom they never saw, so that at best, all their felicity or misery in life is left intirely to the mere effect of chance. Happily indeed royalty and sensibility do not often meet ; therefore princesses are less exposed to the evil consequences of ill-sorted marriage, than persons born in a subordinate sphere. All nevertheless partake of the same nature ; physical enjoyments are essential to us all. By them our species is propagated, and although we may refine ever so much, yet surely it is the grossest sensuality, when two individuals of different sexes are betrothed and pledged to copulation, without any previous meeting or conference with each other ; both parties utter strangers. Such, however, is generally the *delicate refinement* of courts.

Formed neither by temper or education to delight in the insipid jargon, the venal syco-

phancy or disgusting pageantry of palaces, we are, thank heaven, almost personal strangers to their inmates. The author of the Jockey Club would be a very unwelcome, obnoxious guest at Windsor or St. James's, and being not uninstructed by history in the usual practices of courts, he is free to confess that he should not feel in perfect ease and security amongst such company.

But let it not be inferred that the slightest imputation is here directed against the chastity of any of these sequestered virgins. It would be ungenerous, under the circumstances that have been stated, to pry too minutely into the *arcana* of a royal bedchamber, of which even had we the key, *unless on our own account*, we should not hold ourselves justified in using it. There are situations which demand secrecy and compassion, and although the latter seldom flow from the precincts of a palace, yet it would be highly blameable in us to run into the error we condemn.

Let us then pass over the babbling tales of scandal; if true, tenderness ought to seal our lips; if otherwise, it would be altogether unwarrantable to yield a sanction to them; ne-

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thing could be more barbarous than to plant thorns on the pillow of beauty, languishing for want of Nature's best enjoyments, or to create alarms which might prove destructive to any tender schemes, which feminine sensibility may have projected.

In what has been said, the author has alluded rather to the situation, than to the character of the persons alluded to. Far removed from their sphere, his knowledge of them must be confined, but with a soul that feels for their condition, he wishes not to abate the scanty means of any present indulgence, or to anticipate the approach of any future disaster. He considers them as composed of the same materials as other beings, subject to that habitual prejudice and pride, inseparable from royal birth and education. He therefore concludes this article with the moral advice, that in the actual crisis, every department of a court should undergo a thorough purgation :

OECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and GENERAL REFORM.

HER

HER R—Y—L H—N—SS, D—C—SS
OF Y—K.

IT is not in the author's power to enter into a minute detail concerning this illustrious foreigner, Consort to the royal Dunkirk Hero, now serving his country with such distinguished success in Flanders. Some very curious and interesting anecdotes concerning her R-y-l H—n—fs, are to be found in the *Memoirs Secrets de la Cour de Berlin*; a celebrated production from the elegant pen of the late M. de Mirabeau; and to that original source of information he begs leave to refer the reader.

D--C--SS OF D-V--S---E.

“ A woman loveliest of the loving kind,
 “ Her body perfect, and complete in mind.”

THE ingenious system of Lavater is admirably illustrated in the character before us. An effulgent beaming countenance, replete with expression and sensibility, at once announces a superiority of understanding, and the tenderest sympathies of a feeling beneficent heart. It is with delight that we turn away from the unnatural follies and prejudices of a court, to contemplate one, in whose person virtue appears arrayed in her loveliest colours, set off by all the native charms of simplicity and beauty; like a perfect painting, the more attentively we examine it, the more excellencies we discover; but the beauties of her mind shine still more resplendent, than the graces of her person. No less ardent than sincere in her attachments; how many transcendant proofs has she afforded, both of one and the other! the value of those liberal services, which it is her joy to perform, is always enhanced by

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the unassuming and kind manner that accompanies them. Of infinite vivacity, and possessed of the most lively imagination, she once entered warmly into all the amusements of this great city; but she soon became disgusted with their vapidty, and unlike the rest of her companions, even in the vortex of dissipation, she never neglected the offices of humanity. Generous even to profusion, and little skilled in the prudent arrangements of domestic œconomy, she uniformly listened to the dictates of her heart, which were those of charity and universal love. Many agents she has been known to employ in different quarters, both in town and country, to discover the most indigent objects; and as soon as these objects were found, so sure were they to obtain relief from her generous munificent spirit. But her liberality was by no means confined to one channel. With genius to discern, her purse was ever open to reward, and her patronage exerted to advance literary and every other merit:

“ Her’s is the large ambitious wish,
 “ To make men blest: the sigh for suffering worth
 “ Lost in obscurity: the noble scorn
 “ Of titled pride; a just disdain of grandeur,
 “ Th’

“ Th’ awakened throb for virtue and for fame,
 “ The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
 “ With all the social offspring of the heart.”

In a word, were the constitution of society in this country to have been reformed by the example of one individual, this lovely woman was born to accomplish it. Wit, sensibility, gaiety, and every other engaging quality that constitutes the charm of social life united, have been however insufficient to destroy the monotonous insipidity, the distorted affectation, the innate vulgarity, which are so very remarkable in those societies of London, which are distinguished by that *notorious misnomer*, the ‘*best company*.’—The *best company*, creatures lost in egotism and apathy, fatigued by the dull sameness of their eternal dissipation, devoid of interest to keep up their spirits, which flag in stupid langour, and excite those universal complaints which prevail amongst them; each individual disgusted and sick with the other. Everlasting yawning, *Oh what a bore!* and the last resource, reciprocal scandal and discontent, or the desperate excesses of a gaming-table. Alas! what a vile abuse of fortune, what a perversion of her gifts, how calculated to exasperate and arm the community

nity against those *superior* beings, who, disdainful of the miseries of their fellow citizens, are only anxious to nourish and keep alive that *ennui* by which they are themselves devoured; and who, if *ever* they are induced to contribute to the relief of distress, are led thereto by views of personal interest or vain ostentation;—who will contribute hundreds to the comfort of rebel foreign refugees, while for the most part they refuse one miserable solitary guinea, to the support of their own countrymen wanting bread, by whose industry and labour all their odious luxuries and superfluities are provided*. Is this the policy that ought now to prevail? Is it to be imagined, that an oppressed poor, should the day of retribution arrive, on examining the register of *aristocratic* contributions, which has lately appeared, will forget the unjust and barbarous disparity there visible?—Will they be inclined

* The majority of our *great men* subscribed hundreds for relief of the French Emigrants. To the same names we see 1l. 1s. subscribed for support of their own famished countrymen. Child, the great banker's house, subscribed 2l. 2s. in behalf of the Spitalfields' weavers, and Mr. Pulteney, perhaps the richest individual in Great Britain, most *nobly* subscribed *one pound one,*

to

to shew indulgence to those who have been so niggardly of their bounty towards them, while they have been so liberal thereof towards a horde of *emigrant papists*, poured in on their country? No; such unnatural distinctions are not to be *forgotten*; it would be granting too great a latitude to suppose, they can ever be *forgiven*.

It does not appear that the D—c—s of D—v—f—re has countenanced these unjust ungrateful distinctions. Yielding to the impulse of her own generous heart, she never can. The prejudices of birth and education may not have entirely lost their sway; party spirit may still in some degree keep alive those prejudices, but she who in so many other instances has evinced the virtue and piety of a Spartan or Roman matron*, will hardly risk the high reputation she has acquired in suffering herself to be hurried away by that violent, precipitate torrent which has of late

* The Duchess of Devonshire nursed her own children; a maternal duty wholly neglected by our fashionable *Dames*. The divine eloquence of Rousseau awakened her sensibility, and no sooner was she inspired with a sense of her duty, than she had virtue and resolution to fulfil it.

swept all before it. She will continue to build her charity on the basis of truth and justice, and to aid as far as possible, to restore the public spirit to its proper sphere. Not to be discouraged by the example of others, she ought rather to draw a flattering comparison in favour of herself, as so essentially different in every respect from her female contemporaries. Her passions we know are ardent, her attachments strong, but her masculine understanding, polished and cultivated as it is, is formed to resist and vanquish all the errors and prejudices of habit or connection.

Superiority of talents generally leads to superior power. An indulgence of the effusions of a liberal soul, may have brought on difficulties and abridged that power. Constitutional phlegm in him, to whom she is united by marriage may also contend against the efforts of virtuous and ardent sensibility, her means may be contracted, but therefore she should be unremitting in her exertions to increase them. The easy temper of a worthy honest man, will not long oppose any system which promises to promote the cause of humanity. Once convinced, (but here, alas! lies the difficulty,) he perhaps might lend his assistance to prop the empire of truth, and if he

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had the disinterestedness to do so, he would enjoy the pre-eminent glory of having been the first in this country to establish the example. The public have a right to expect some instances of self-denial and regard for their sufferings from a nobility, who contend so vehemently and so obstinately against any plan of general reform, and who so insidiously propagate false alarms and terrors, as a motive for preserving the prevailing system exactly in its actual state. The power they possess is inhumanly exercised, and displays itself in hideous colours, in the arbitrary, cruel punishments of late inflicted on men, whose only crime is to hold opinions contrary to those, which they themselves maintain*. The family with whom this lady is by marriage connected, had uniformly opposed Mr. Pitt's administration, (and never did the political measures of any minister call so loudly and so forcibly for general execration) till the French revolution avowing principles, inimical to aristocratic privileges, detached part of

* It has been urged that they are not concerned in the infliction of these arbitrary punishments; but if they did not approve, Ministers never durst to enforce them.

them from the standard of Mr. Fox, and induced them to join the enemy of liberty; miserable jealousy, mean, short-sighted policy; the cause of freedom once brought to issue, must triumph here, as we have seen it triumph elsewhere, over all the strained exertions of despotism combined.

The D—ch—s of D—v—n—e, formerly displayed her zeal with animation and success in the cause of *party*, does her generous soul feel less ardour in the divine cause of *liberty*? Her efforts seconded by her powerful charms, once prevailed over all the artifices of ministerial corruption, and was she now inspired with equal ardour, she might again ensure its defeat. In speaking of her g—ce we are justified in holding a language different from what we should hold to the generality of her sex, because she has a soul capable of humanity, with a judgment and candour open to truth. We sincerely congratulate this amiable person on her safe return to England. The motive of her absence served to raise her in our esteem. We sincerely lament that her pious offices so faithfully, and so affectionately fulfilled towards her unhappy sister, have not been crowned with their just reward; and we

shall now take our leave, warmly recommending her to profit by our advice, and to devote her eminent abilities to the accomplishment of that object, the virtue of which it has been our endeavour to enforce—to direct them against the prevailing system of aristocratic corruptions, and to animate the phlegm of her husband and his family.

LADY EL—Z—B—TH F—T—R the particular friend and present companion of the D—C—SS of D—V—N—RE.

THE eccentricities of the H—v—y family, by no means loses its reputation in this lady, who is the true legitimate daughter of the E—L of B—T—L.

Before she had attained the age of eighteen, she was married to an Irish gentleman of very considerable fortune, but of most contemptible talents, and apparently altogether deficient in those *physical* perfections for which his countrymen in general are so distinguished, and which are deemed so essentially necessary to preserve unbroken the hymeneal contract. The extreme vivacity of Lady E—z—b—th, joined to her passion for admiration, could ill submit to the drudgery of connubial life with such a helpmate, and she very soon dispensed with the tedious forms of ceremony, leaving *caro sposo*, that she might shine forth a constellation in the bright regions of the fashionable world.

Her

Her ladyship was by nature a *rover*, and in all the different courts she visited, she bound the princes in chains and the nobles in fetters of iron. She atchieved a transitory victory over the *antiphyfical* appetites of the late king of Sweden, and for a time inspired him with a desire of *natural* pleasures; she thawed the ice of the D—e of D——, animated the folly of the D—ke of C—l—d, and like another DANAE, converted old Cardinal de Bernis at Rome, into a JUPITER PLUVIUS; but the generality of her lovers were treated most unmercifully, it being her delight, first to entice unhappy victims into her net, and then abandon them to all the piquing severity of ridicule and laughter; not, however, that this accomplished fair one was dead to the ineffable transports of love; but to use a French phrase, “*Elle savait les menager,*” knowing, that nothing palls the appetite or destroys sense so soon as frequent repetitions of enjoyment. She therefore was *choice* and *delicate* in her amours, although rather *lax* in her principles, for she contrived to detach the handsome and *amiable* Comte de Fersan*,

* A handsome Swedish Nobleman.

from

her friend Lady C—p—r* at Florence and to rivet him in her own fetters. This was a splendid victory; the Comte was an *universal* gallant. He had often breathed out his soul in amorous extacy, within the arms of the *ci-devant* Queen of France, and was the distinguished favourite PARAMOUR of the late Swedish monarch. A conquest like this, was at once propitious to her vanity, and grateful to her love.

There is a far greater latitude afforded on the Continent, especially in Italy, to female levity, than is indulged in our cold insulated country; for which reason, Lady El-z-b-th delights in Italian customs, more congenial with her *taste*, while the climate is more favourable to her constitution; and as she professes to live for pleasure, is it to be wondered at, that she strives to avoid all restraints upon it? But, alas! feminine beauty is quickly perishable; like the tender rose, its vernal bloom cannot resist the slightest touches of

* It was Miss Emily G—e, sister to Lady C—p—r, towards whom Lady Elizabeth acted thus ungratefully.

autumnal breezes, and thus her Ladyship begins already to experience the ravages of time,

“ *Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras :*

“ *Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi*.*”

It is a melancholy truth, that as the resources of enjoyment decrease, the desires do not abate, and life generally becomes of higher value, when all its real delights are fled,—when the joys which were wont to croud in upon us in the meridian of youth, refuse their aid to the relief of age.

The female mind is of a far more delicate texture than ours, and therefore more sensible to these privations. A consciousness of intrinsic worth, and a memory of departed joys, embitter the sensations arising from the loss of admirers once languishing at the feet of beauty.

Our fair voluptuary however possesses acquired accomplishments independent of all her natural charms. An excellent and improved taste in music, painting, and all the fine arts, will prove an agreeable succedaneum, when her charms shall be faded, and the incense of adulation, exhausted.

* Horace.

Indeed

Indeed, amidst all her foibles, it were unjust to deny this Lady a very superior degree of comparative praise. Her pleasing, graceful manners, form a striking contrast to those which characterize the generality of British or Hibernian dames.

She is well aware of her superiority, and consequently feels infinite contempt for the vulgar affectation of our *fine ladies*. In her and her amiable friend, we perceive the beautiful simplicity of nature, embellished by the judicious refinements of art.—In the other 'tis nature distorted, hideous and revolting; the more they attempt to adorn, the more they disguise her, and the discriminating observer will often acknowledge more genuine good breeding in an ENGLISH COTTAGE, than in an *English Palace*.

Lady El-zb-h F—t-r, amongst those many other advantages which she enjoys, has the honour of being sister to that brilliant ornament of diplomacy, so remarkably formed to *please* and to *be pleased* at an *Italian court*, and who has of late most ably and zealously executed the mild equitable orders of his English masters, in bullying the grand Duke of T—c-ny and the G-v-m-t of Fl—r—e.

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The *well known reputation* of his family, must have reflected additional virtue on his *credentials*, and hence, we are to account for the extraordinary success with which his honourable exertions were crowned. Had we always such Ambassadors in foreign courts as his lordship, and the lately *dignified Chevalier W—tw—th**, our national character would be *perfectly* represented. Mr. P—tt in these cases, has the happiest talents of *discrimination*; therefore it is not surprizing, that the two above mentioned gentlemen, should have succeeded so eminently in their *respective undertakings*, at the courts where they are employed.

As to Lady El-z-b-th, little more remains to be said; if there be a laxity in her *morals*, difficult to be defended, much may be urged in her behalf, from the habits of a libertine education; and she is intitled to admiration for the variety of her talents, and to respect, for the constancy and warmth of her friendships.

* Vide London Gazette for an account of the *honours* lately conferred on the B—t—sh E—v—y at the C—t of P—t—b—gh.

D--CH--SS of R-TL-ND.

LA BRUYERE, than whom, no one ever developed the human character better, observes, "that man is more faithful to the secrets of others than to his own; whereas woman, on the contrary, is more faithful to her own, than to those of others.

The observation is certainly founded in truth. Two very *dashing* and *adonized* gallants*, who have long shone conspicuous in the regions of British *taste* and fashion, formerly suffered grievously from an imprudent faith in her Grace's confidence. Living as they were on terms of strictest intimacy with her husband, and existing in a manner on his bounty, they disregarded all the sacred ties of gratitude, and made a villainous declaration, injurious to the chastity of the one and to the honour of the other; but the just reward of this baseness and presumption was an

* Lord J—n T—sh—d and C—les M—f—n.

immediate and proper discovery of their perfidy and ingratitude, whereby the duke's table no longer afforded to these minions a dinner, and thence, they were driven to the hospitable board of the late Mr. Brooks in St. James' street, whose confidence and liberality they repaid in a manner almost equally exemplary, by laughing at and turning into ridicule, the generous credulity of their honest unsuspecting landlord.

The D--ch--fs most undoubtedly treated these adventurous *chevaliers* as they deserved; it must not, however, be inferred, that had her heart felt an interest in their confession, she would have disclosed the secret. Her Grace cannot be considered as a novice in the *virtue* of secrecy. But her soul was too pure, too replete with generous sentiment, not to spurn indignant at the vile dishonourable proposition, offered to the wife of a man, under whose roof they were protected, and by whose hospitality they were almost daily fed. She acted accordingly with a spirit that redounds to her honour, and exposed their ingratitude; nor is it any disparagement to her character, if on other occasions she may have yielded to

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a native sensibility and tenderness, which are the most amiable characteristics of her sex.

Early in life, when travelling with her venerable mother through the delicious provinces of Italy, *'ere the tree had shed its blossoms*, she displayed unerring symptoms of a susceptible heart, all alive to the delicate impression of the softer passions; and there is no reason to imagine, that where there existed a necessity of secrecy, she ever neglected to observe it. Far otherwise; there is every reason to believe her no less capable of secrecy in love, than of constancy in friendship, of which latter virtue no woman ever afforded more exemplary proofs than herself, by the services that she has rendered to her husband's poor relations and dependents, since his death.

The duke was a man no way formed for the sympathies of a virtuous connexion. He delighted in gaming and in the excesses of the table, which was eternally infested by crowds of sycophants of the meanest description, of dependent connections, and of the coarsest, most illiterate buffoons; addicted also to the most bounded licentiousness in his amours*, which
he

* The Duke of Rutland is said to have imbibed a certain *poison* in an amour which he carried on with a beautiful

he indulged at random, without taste or discretion, living in a state of unremitted debauchery, reversing the order of nature, turning night into day and day into night; he fell an early victim to those scandalous orgies, which his constitution had not strength to resist; leaving behind him a mere negative character, neither respected nor despised, hated nor beloved.

It were vain to imagine that a woman modelled as it were by the graces, with a delicacy and cultivation of mind rarely to be found, could submit without disgust to the *duties* of connubial life, with a companion so very different in his habits and disposition, with feelings so little congenial to her own—that she could be brought to endure the coarse ribaldry and eternal clamour of such *animals* as D—P—n—y, B—b T—r—t—n, and an unnumbered list of etceteras, would have been a task too severe for her patience or philosophy, and hence some months previous to the Duke's death, she had left Dublin, and was resident

beautiful and enchanting singer, which accelerated his death; and it has been also reported that the consequences of this *poison* were propagated still further.

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in London when the news of that event reached her.

During the Dutcheſs's abode in Ireland, ſhe had been infinitely leſs reſerved in her behaviour; more diſſipated and unguarded in her general deportment than at any former period ſince her marriage; and it muſt be admitted that ſhe introduced a ſyſtem of irregularity and expence amongſt the Iriſh that cannot be juſtified: nevertheless when it is recollected, not only how few charms ſhe found at home to render it agreeable, but how many real objections there were to render it intolerable, ſhe has every claim to candour and indulgence. The ſottiſh, indifferent huſband, often converts a ſober, faithful woman into an extravagant, inconstant wife, and the Hibernians are not apt to be remiſs on ſimilar occaſions, in taking advantage of the weakneſs, or fluctuating ſituation of a beautiful woman.

Amongſt the many candidates, by whom her Grace was beſieged, during the interval that ſhe did the female honours of the caſtle of Dublin, was a gentleman * *popular* amongſt the *ladies*, probably on account of his robuſt,

* Col. St L-g-r.

athletic,

athletic appearance; for it would be difficult to explain their partiality in any other manner. He was most assiduous in his attentions; and perhaps the *reputation* he had acquired amongst her sex, was the secret motive for her *seeming* to repay those attentions, since it is not rational to suppose, that a woman of the most delicate, refined taste could otherwise be overcome by the dull monotony, the insipid, common-place conversation, and vulgar manners of a man like St. Leger. Be this however as it may, their particularities, which they did not attempt to conceal, afforded a topic for scandal in the *fashionable* circles both of London and Dublin; and it was even asserted, that Jack St. Leger was to marry the D-cess. We cannot be induced to believe that she ever entertained any serious thought of this nature, and her subsequent conduct evinces a total oblivion of that heroic and intrepid warrior; who now seems entirely to have abandoned the *Italian Plains* in order to gather *immortal* laurels, under his *immortal* commander the Dunkirk Hero in Flanders.

Since the first year of her Grace's probationary widowhood, there appears to exist a very interesting attachment between her and a
noble-

nobleman* several years younger than herself; who, like the generality of his cotemporaries, delights more in the groveling occupations of the stable, than in the nobler pursuits of the man; who, heir to an immense, overgrown property, seems utterly ignorant of any honourable, beneficial use to which it ought to be applied, who is all morning driving his gig like a *madman*, through the streets of London, to the annoyance of every pedestrian passenger; all the evening exposing the affected grimaces of distorted fashion at one or other of the theatres; and all night sunk in the orgies of a gaming or drunken debauch. Such is the life of those who lead the *Ton*, and who serve as originals, whom it is the virtuous ambition of our British youth to imitate and admire.

Whether an experienced and discerning woman can be *really* captivated by such *accomplishments* we shall not undertake to determine. An apparent attachment that from its duration denotes something more serious than a casual flight of coquetry, or a passion dependent on mere *personal* regards, (for we must do

* *Lead Page.*

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justice

justice to his lordship's *elegant person*) would induce us to believe, that her grace had discovered secret perfections, invisible to the eye of common observers. A woman so perfectly acquainted with the world, who has seen so many different countries, who passed some years in Ireland, that happy land to whose sons Nature has been so *prodigal*, and who has now reached the period of life, when judgment in these cases may be supposed to have attained its full maturity, cannot easily be mistaken in her choice on that *point* where female *happiness* is so materially interested. Yet whatever predilection she may feel for this *noble gallant*, it is only fair to acknowledge in her heart the virtue of gratitude, which she still occasionally displays, in favour of a few selected favourite *Irish friends*.

After all, it is rational to conclude from past experience, that the above beautiful and accomplished person is averse from again embarking on a matrimonial voyage. Liberty in every state of our existence, under all the modifications which custom has introduced amongst us, retains her influence over the mind, and they who have once tasted her sweets, or have ever been deprived of her possession,

session, are equally enamoured of her charms, and jealous of every innovation that threatens to contract her sphere.

Unhappy therefore it is, that while we are so tenacious of this divine blessing, as far as respects ourselves, we are in general so extremely indifferent, or indeed sometimes so eager to invade it in the person of others, wherever interest, ambition, fear, or malice are concerned.

The value of liberty is perfectly known to the fair subject of this chapter, and however she may delight to indulge her vanity or caprice by encouraging a titled dangler in her suite, still from what has been remarked, there is little probability that she will ever revisit the *temple of Hymen*.

Ger-t-ru-de Duc-h-ess OF Bed-f-or-d.

“The wrinkled G—t—de carries on her face,

“*Memento mori* to each public place.”

ALAS! poor old Gertrude! thy career is well nigh spent; nor paint, nor patches, not all the cosmetics of the East, nor all the illumination of a theatre can longer animate those features whereon the gloomy emblems of approaching mortality are impressed. After all thy amorous gallantries, thy party intrigues, to this complexion art thou come at last. In thee we behold an exact epitome of all worldly vanity. The earth yielded unto thee its treasures, nature had been liberal, and fortune prodigal towards thee; yet, after all, what advantage dost thou now derive from having been in full possession of every sublunary blessing? On the contrary, does not the sad reflection, comparing the present with the past, embitter thy actual situation? Happily for us, however, time deadens sensibility, so that old age may serve thee as a preventive against those acute miseries thou must otherwise suffer.

Accus-

Accustomed to public life, still thou seemest reluctant to quit the scene ; night after night, presenting thy emaciated, withered form at different places of amusement, and exposing thyself to the sarcastic jests, and unfeeling ridicule of the titled coxcombs who surround thee. “ To live all the days of thy life,” seems to be thy motto ; but what a life has thine been ! Does one active virtue in this thy last scene present itself to console or encourage thy spirits, for the barbarous misapplication thou hast made of the wealth and power thou hast enjoyed ? Dreadful is it, at such a period, to have recourse to operas, plays, and assemblies, for comforts which should flow from a purer source. Remembrance of what thou hast been, is a poor, miserable substitute for what thou art. Age, when thus disfigured, loses all claim to that respect which otherwise it would command ; and satire is justly and honourably employed, when it holds forth its deformity, as an example of pity and contempt to the world. As it is on the most perfect models of virtue that a well-disposed person would wish to form himself, so by painting vice in its hideous colours, we present the examples which ought to be shunned ;

shunned; nor can there be a more instructive lesson against the melancholy, disgusting follies and vices of old age, than is afforded by the character now under review.

The late celebrated Dick R^gby, who begun this worldly career without a guinea, and finished it with half a million, all acquired in the service of that most *liberal* master, Mr. John Bull, was trained in her Grace's family, and was long her favourite *Jockey*: after his death, G^{er}-t^{ru}-de did not long wait for a successor.

Her Grace's maternal feelings at an earlier period of her life have been ably described by the celebrated Junius, and the violence of her tender passions in the more advanced stage of it, was not long since most pointedly illustrated in the *delicate* proposal made by her to a certain *gigantic* nobleman*, whose *secret* perfections have been long the theme of female enthusiasm. His *fame* had reached the ears of G^{er}-t^{ru}-de, who could not resist the temptation, and a *carte blanche* was offered to the much envied and courted lord; but Oh! ungrateful man! the *matron's* suit was rejected,

* E--l C^{hol}-m^{on}-dley,

and at the age of seventy, she was left to pine under all the anguish of disappointed love. Well might she exclaim in the words of the furious, distracted Dido,

— Nec lumina flexit,
Nec lachrymas victus dedit, aut miseratus Amantem est.
VIRG.

This tale created a fund of ridicule at the expence of the *love-sick* D——s ; and in truth we must allow that the ridicule was well applied, for it is difficult to conceive a more ludicrous being in nature, than an old woman in love. But the *tender* G—t—de, however anxious to appear a principal character in the present scene, in dress and manners, still betrays a partiality for past times, and such preference is extremely natural. The memory of youth is affecting to old persons ; they love the spot where their early years were passed, and the society of their first acquaintance. They are apt to retain expressions no longer in use ; they continue to applaud the old taste in music, dancing, and the ancient mode in dress, furniture, and equipage. They cannot find in their hearts to disapprove those things which
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fed their passions, and which revive remembrance of them. How can they prefer new fashions and modern manners, in which they have had no part, and whence they have little to hope; fashions that young people have adopted, and which in their turn, they themselves are *forced* to employ as a remedy against the miseries of old age? nor is it surprising that persons advanced in life are fond of society; destitute of those ideas and passions which occupy the mind of youth, they find no advantages in solitude; their thoughts are for the most part solely employed in multiplying their resources, as a remedy against the many evils inseparable from the last stage of life. Thus our *antique dame* refines on all things, in her diet, her time of rest, her hours of exercise, and the general rules which she has laid down, are observed with the most scrupulous punctuality. By these means, she increases and strengthens the bonds that attach her to existence, and renders the approach of death still more insupportable.

Perhaps no person ever discovered more zeal to protract life than the subject of this article. The partiality she manifests for a blooming,

blooming, buxom young lass*, her constant attendant, and who has already shone with a degree of *eclat* in the *polite* world, is said to have its origin in the above principle, and that the latter is condemned to sleep in the apartment, if not in the bed of the former, under a supposition that the breath of a fresh, healthy woman vivifies and invigorates the decaying principles of nature. It is doubtful to us how far the practice is founded in truth, but it has frequently been tried both in France and England. Field Marshal Ligonier, who died in his ninetieth year, was constantly every night attended by a young female virgin sacrifice; the old Marechal de Richelieu, who died a few years ago in Paris, at the age of ninety-three, likewise invariably adhered to this *pleasant* remedy; and these instances of longevity in such remarkable persons, so notorious for their debaucheries, may probably have encouraged that sanction, which the practice, we are told, now receives from the *venerable G—t—de*.

It appears in general that age is more disgusting in woman than in man. A celebrated

* Miss G-n--ng.

French writer observes, " that he should desire to be a woman (understood a beautiful woman,) till twenty-two, and afterwards to become a man, in order that he might avoid the reverse to which the other sex is inevitably exposed, when the charms of beauty are fled, and their place supplied by the wrinkles of deformity."

Let us however be candid where we can, nor refuse to G-r-t--de the justice she deserves. From her, the indigent prodigal *sometimes* finds relief; and her house is a kind receptacle to *cavaliers* and *noble* damsels in distress; but here a reflection obtrudes itself. We know not which is most to be pitied, the old woman who *feels* the want of a young, beautiful *cavalier*, or the *unfortunate cavalier*, who by the *hardest services*, only can obtain from her the recompence he needs.

L—DY L—DE.

WHO could have conceived that L—t D—by of L—kn—rs lane, in the parish of St. G—les, would have been ever elevated to her present *dignity*;—to be a *lady*, the wife of a *baronight*, or that she would have been thought worthy of an introduction amongst the illustrious heroines of the Jockey Club? Such however, are the caprices of fortune, although it must be admitted that *my lady* does not dishonour her rank; for she inherits all the *virtues and accomplishments* peculiar to nobility.—A sovereign disdain for former *vulgar* associates;—a conversation almost equally chaste with her person; and since she has been a companion to *Princes* and *Princesses*, and admitted a member of the *royal hunt**, her manners are become still more *chaste* and *refined*.

To ride well up to hounds; to be in at the death, none is ever before her, and in the *noble* art of driving a *Phe—aton* four in hand, and a perfect knowledge in the technical phrases

* Her Ladyship hunts regularly with the Windsor Hounds.

of *coachmanship*, and for the elegance she displays in flourishing her whip on all occasions with grace and dexterity, she is not excelled by Sir John himself.

“More than one steed, Lætitia’s Empire feels,

“Who sits triumphant o’er the flying wheels;

“And as she guides them thro’ th’ admiring throng,

“With what an air she smacks the filken thong!

“Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,

“And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains.

“Sesoftris like, such charioteers as these,

“May drive six harnessed Princes if they please.”

Nor ought her innumerable excellencies to create surprize, when we call to mind the polished and liberal education she received;—that she was brought up under the *special care* of the late famous but unfortunate Mr. J—n R—nn*, the no less famous, but hitherto less unfortunate B—lly D—v—s, assisted by her present husband, and a still more distinguished personage of high descent, whose brilliant victories over the French in Flanders, our loyal *independent* prints, the True Briton and the Times so *truly* and *wisely* proclaim.

* Mr. J—n R—nn met with a fatal accident some years ago at a place near Tyburn turnpike, which put a period to his life.

Such were her original masters, and with those apt abilities which she possesses, how could she fail to profit from their instructions? We now therefore behold in *her own box* at the Opera, splendidly arrayed, her whole ambition gratified in viewing lords, and Dukes, and Princes at her side, paying that homage which superior virtue and attractive manners generally exact. We are told there can exist no true love without jealousy; unfortunate that it should be so, while jealousy ever proves the bane of happiness.—The *baronight* however finds some consolation, for the pangs which he endures from this restless tormenting passion, in beholding himself, so contrary to his original expectations, in the midst of such superlatively polite and grand company; and at the Windsor Hunt, of which no member is more constant in his attendance, still further to console him, to none does majesty appear so gracious and attentive as to himself. Just and honourable distinction, may merit thus ever find its due reward!

Her L—d—p has uniformly distinguished herself by a strict observance of all the cyprian rites.—Never did she turn her back against the most vigorous assailant; on the contrary,

contrary, many of them has she often reduced to flight, never forgetting the character of her sex.

“ Women you know but seldom fail,

“ To make the stoutest men turn tail,

“ And bravely scorn to turn their backs

“ Upon the desperate attacks*.”

Of a sanguine temperament and healthful constitution, she can withstand the fiercest assaults, and renew the charge with renovated ardour, even when her victim sinks drooping and crestfallen before her. To raise up those that fall, is a generous noble effort, and none could ever boast this virtue with stricter propriety than herself. Indefatigable in her exertions on these occasions, what miracles has she not atchieved! If it were possible to collect an exact list of all whom her restoring faculties have revived, the human mind would be lost in admiration and gratitude; but the public have reason to lament the modesty which conceals it.

Born in a lowly and obscure station, and too long kept back in a state of plebeian insignificance, she all at once shone forth upon

* Hudibras.

us, like the sun piercing through a cloud ; so that the strongest eye is dazzled by the blaze. Her former haunts are totally forsaken, her former companions no longer remembered ; she now blazes a comet in the bright hemisphere of taste and fashion. But no felicity in this world is without alloy. Some few fastidious females there are, who still adhering to their foolish prejudices, refuse to acknowledge the resplendent attractions of this fair paragon ; nay, who even persist to exclude her from their circles, although her perfections are sanctioned by all the advantages of royal favour and protection. Hence her pride is occasionally mortified, and she is rather too apt in the moments of indignation, to recur to her old phrases, and so difficult is it to conquer habit, to use expressions more calculated for the meridian of *Broad St. Giles*, than for that of the *polite, courtly St. J-mes*. Let her however persevere ; under such patronage as she enjoys, her efforts must finally be crowned with success.—A little more uniform attention to what the French formerly called the *bienfiances* of society, and rather less freedom indulged in her convivial hours, may serve effectually to accomplish the purpose she
appears

appears to have so much at heart—"A *general* admission into all the elevated circles." We have had no reluctance in giving her Ladyship a leading place amongst our Female Jockies, well convinced that she deserves it, although her *title* would be of itself a sufficient passport to the distinction. Besides, she is now *nobly* connected, being aunt to the young, beautiful widow, the C—nt—fs of B—r—m—e, whereby she is allied to some of the most ancient patrician families in Great Britain and Ireland. May these virtuous, rational distinctions last for ever, and may her Ladyship never know the barbarous mortification of being deprived of her *title*;—A Gothic innovation that has so fatally taken place in France; but to use the memorable expression of the Spanish Admiral to the *humane* and gallant Lord Hood, we shall conclude with a *pious* wish, that *my Lady* and her *title* may live these thousand years.

D—c—ss

D—CH—SS OF G—D—N.

“ The Dutchess triumphs in a manly mien ;
 “ Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene ;
 “ In fair and open dealing where’s the shame ?
 “ What nature dare to give, she dares to name.”

THIS buxom Caledonian dame reminds us very much of the Bacchants described by the Ancients, nor do her manners in any respect belye what her appearance announces. A contempt for all the settled rules of etiquette ; convivial freedom, and an unrestrained indulgence of her own genuine feelings, are the ground-work, on which our D--ch--fs justly builds her fame.

With an open ruddy countenance, quick in repartee, and no one excelling her in performing the *honours* of the table, her society is generally courted.

Approved by P—tt, idolized by D--d--fs, she is emulous to vie with those renowned votaries of Bacchus in their constant sacrifices to that divinity. Not easily vanquished, whether engaged in the mysterious rites of Venus,

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or in the orgies of the *Silenian* god ; she has been known to *thaw the frost* of P--tt, and to bring down low that more *seasoned* and redoubted champion, D--d--fs himself. Still however, they return to their *duty*, and her palace in St. J--mes' Square, is the splendid receptacle of all the ministerial revellers. There, they celebrate the *glorious* capture, and afterwards, the no less *glorious* evacuation of Toulon, (*burgundy the order of the night*) ; there, they planned the embryo successes of the *gallant* Moira ; and *there*, with equal wisdom, they continue to anticipate the *speedy* conquest of France.

For this voluptuous asylum, where mirth is so judiciously blended with business, they are originally indebted to the influence of her dear friend and countryman *honest* Harry*. He manages her Grace's *affairs* in town, while she in return, during her occasional excursions, undertakes the conduct of his affairs in Scotland ; and by her diligence and zeal, shews herself ready to take his *affairs* in hand any where else.

* Mr. D--d--fs.

Harry,

Harry, although rather advanced in years, owing to an easy mind hard to be affected, still preserves a robust and apparently vigorous constitution; nor amidst the *numerous* and critical embarrassments of his political situation, does he seem to relax from his *natural* duties as a man. He has lately entered into the *perilous* state of matrimony, (*perilous* certainly to most men at this time of life), with a full blown northern damsel of Patrician birth; but the bonds of Hymen do not appear to have diminished the force of his former connections, and her Grace still holds all her wonted influence over him. She has a right to do so. Her costly and jovial fêtes, enlivened by her own personal and festive accomplishments, have a paramount claim over every other engagement, nor is the *polite* world ill-natured enough to expect very painful sacrifices, as a result of matrimonial contracts,

Nothing can be more prudently or more wisely arranged than the harmonious system which prevails between the D—ch—fs and her lord. Man and wife, supposing them of the true genuine aristocratic description, generally agree much better when living asunder; thereby avoiding those restraints, to which

both must in a certain degree be subject, if dwelling under the same roof. In the latter case, the connection becomes monotonous and insupportable ; so that excesses are resorted to, which often terminate in total separation, and sometimes, (oh, dreadful!) in the scandal and horrors of a divorce.

His Grace therefore discreetly passes the greatest part of his days in Scotland, while the D--c--fs is almost a constant resident amongst us, unless when employed on the secretary's business in North Britain.

The bleak regions of the north are ill suited to certain temperaments, yet even there, *Ladies* may find it expedient to seek out hours of tender dalliance with an admired object. A rural life in the coldest climates will generate warmth in the female bosom, and if opportunity offer, it is rather unfortunate, if it be not succeeded by enjoyment. Innocent stratagems are sometimes employed to encourage the diffidence, and stimulate the desires of timid, unconscious youth. We have heard it related how a certain experienced matron of high rank and of Scottish extraction, amidst the interesting solitude of an evening promenade, in the thickest recesses of a sequestered grove,
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in gentle tête à tête, once deigned *obliquely* to court the amorous favours of a young military novice on a visit at the *Chateau*. Burning to accomplish her object, she tenderly asked him if he knew how to spell the word *oppor-tu-ni-ty*; when alas! the *stupid Cymon* not only neglected the *opportunity*, but to display his innocence, or rather his ignorance in stronger colours, related at supper in the evening, his simple story, which served only to excite mirth in the company, and no ways disconcerted the lady whose *bronze* disdained to change its colours. In the above instance, we are bound to admire the *tender* ingenuity, and *unshaken firmness* of the noble dame, at the same time that we are amazed at the extreme simplicity and want of confidence in the *C-pt-n*, so rarely to be found in *heroes* of his profession.

It is this happy indifference which subsists amongst the great, that enables them to disregard such *trivial* circumstances, as would produce schisms and probably a most serious rupture amongst persons less highly improved and polished by NOBLE education. Nevertheless, it is strange that while the world in general are so apt to imitate, however awkwardly
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the manners of their *bettors* on other occasions, they should not altogether have adopted their fashion in this. *Mr. John Bull and his Lady*, who move in a lowly sphere, still continue to pass through life with each other, if not in peace, at least resigned to their fate, of which by the bye they eternally complain, though not daring to indulge a thought of parting; and although seldom seen in mutual good humour, a cloud of unsocial gloom being for the most part cast over both, yet *Mrs. Bull* is still tenacious of the *honour* of her master, and nobly rejects every attempt that would serve to plant horns upon his *honourable* brow*; it certainly however would very much increase their reciprocal comforts and heighten their enjoyments, if as long as they consent to inhabit the same roof, and are involved in one common interest, they would condescend to indulge some portion of contentment and good humour.

In this particular, it were impossible to hold forth a worthier example of imitation, than this good natured D-ch-fs, who is a

* In strict Justice it must be allowed, that *Mrs. Bulls* begins to make some progress in every kind of fashionable attainments.

most *popular* character; and her *popularity* is further increased by her well founded and zealous attachment to our present wise, *honest*, prudent and *victorious* administration, to whom England is indebted for its actual security and happiness. Her influence is consequently great, of which, the reader may be at once satisfied, by consulting our *livre rouge*, alias the Court Calendar, that *brief and expressive abstract of our national Oeconomy*; a *virtuous* testimonial, which should silence all the factious clamours of those enemies to their country who are incessantly bawling for liberty, and inculcating the necessity of reform. Her Grace's husband is colonel of the G-d-n fencibles, and Chancellor of King's College, Aberdeen; her brother, Deputy Ranger of the Parks, and Lord High Admiral in Scotland; her uncle L--d A--m G--d-n, Commander in Chief in that country, and her son, not yet twenty-three years of age, has a company in the guards; of her daughters, one married to an English duke; another to the heir of an English dukedom; and a third to Sir J—n S—c—r, who, through her interest, has been appointed president of Mr. P-tt's newly erected board of Agriculture.

Agriculture. In short, all her connections have been long *honourably* and splendidly provided for, except the ill-fated Lord G—ge*, who lately died in Newgate.—For the sake of humanity, let a veil be drawn over that barbarous catastrophe !

* The distinction was *just* ; Lord G—ge being a rude *hot headed democate*, who unaccountably, we may indeed say, *miraculously* exclaimed against the privileges of his order. He was simple, unaffected in his manners, zealous, unshaken in his principles.

L-DY B-TH, CI-DEVANT Miss P^u~~l~~^e~~e-T-N-Y.~~

THERE have been dull moralists to tell us, that the true advantage of money consists in the power which it yields of making others happy. If these moralists are right, it is unfortunate that the practice differs so essentially from the theory. To judge from what we see, the only visible effect that wealth produces, is an increase of avarice, rendering the possessor still more anxious to increase his hoards. Thus, from the splendor and pageantry which riches enable a man to display, we are led to admire and uphold a system, which evidently tends to swell the pride and pamper the luxuries of individuals, at the expence of the multitude;—to monopolize and concenter within the compass of one miserable bosom, treasures that impartially distributed, would be all sufficient, not only to support the existence, but to yield comfort and happiness to thousands, and to banish want from the face of the earth.

I

Behold

Behold a person wallowing in opulence. Is he more generous, more humane, more compassionate or tender in regard to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, than another, who possesses only the necessaries of mediocrity? Does it appear in those quarters, where palaces rear their proud lofty towers, where monopoly resides, that poverty is less hideous, that its victims are less numerous? Do Windsor or Blenheim, Wooburn or Bloomsbury, afford an example of superior plenty or comfort in their vicinity? Is it not apparent that wherever we behold similar magnificence, wretchedness is always attendant at their gates, as about those places where mediocrity resides, indigence is less discernible? One palace absorbs wherewithal to supply the wants of ten thousand Cottages.

Such are the arguments of factious aspiring democracy. Hear the other side of the question. Would you equalize conditions? Would you reduce us to the inhuman necessity of working for ourselves, of providing for our own wants! Would you raise the labourer to a level with his lord? Would you strike at once at our *property*; and dare to establish reform by such desperate innovations?

Property

Property confirmed and sanctified to us by the most rational and sacred of all laws—the law of primogeniture. The law of inheritance, with which virtue, talents or service can have no concern whatever? Would you adopt the unnatural idea that no person can be more deserving of the fruits of the land, than he whose labour sows and reaps them? Would you utterly abolish the feudal system, level and confound those *unequal* conditions, which have stood the test of ages, and so long preserved social order, harmony, and peace in the world? It does not then depend on individual opinion, subject to ten thousand modifications, in which reason and philosophy have no share, to decide on this question between democracy and aristocracy: let it be determined before the tribunal of truth.

The world abounds with scenes of wretchedness, and Nature, or the Creator of it, call it what you will, never could have designed that distinctions should exist amongst us of a tendency so fatal, as to leave a great portion of his creatures without the necessaries of life. The fault, without blasphemy, cannot be supposed inherent in the original source of all good,---Wherein then can it originate but in

the vices of society, which generate these partial murderous distinctions? Can fortune be said to produce charity or any of the milder virtues? On the contrary, does it not for the most part, even to a proverbial certainty, increase avarice, harden and contract the mind?

"Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit."

Human nature even in its rude primitive state, never could know those horrors that we are now daily condemned to behold in the midst of polite luxurious cities, and through the whole extent of what our governors tell us, are the most flourishing countries. Men, since their formation into social classes, have certainly lost sight of the grand object---the general good; and by a lapse into all kind of excesses, and an entire deviation from the original law, have brought on a crisis which can terminate only in universal confusion or in the happiest regeneration. All temptations to crime which generally lead to a violent, ignominious and painful death, have their origin in these fatal distinctions. Example corrupts, and corruption in no sphere of life, resists seduction. It reigns triumphant in the palaces of princes; how

how unjust then is it to act, as if we supposed it had no influence among those who have not rags to defend their bodies from the cold, or a hovel where to thrust their wretched heads!

In these days of alarm and jealousy, such doctrines we know are dangerous. Statesmen affect to be wiser than nature or the Creator himself, whose bounty we must acknowledge to have provided *good things* enough for us all, and who intended that *all* his creatures should enjoy their share, and not languish in that deplorable state, in which many of them are eternally beheld, perishing for want at the rich man's inhospitable gate. *Truth, however, ought not to be too bold*; he who promulgates these doctrines, exposes himself to all the rigorous penalties of *constructive sedition*; lawyers give their own translation of the word, and by forced application* and ridiculous inuendos, establish the *guilt*, and transport the INNOCENT CONVICT to Botany Bay.

Do the laws of Britain really authorise
these

* In a periodical publication now much in vogue, in one of the numbers, there is a story related of a game cock, and this cock is represented as a great tyrant among the feathered race. By a strange perversion of ideas, this *game cock*,

these penalties? *Are such the merciful laws of English Liberty?* Is our boasted constitution so delicately woven, as to reject the least investigation on one side, while it may suffer every abuse and encroachment from another? Is it just or lawful that men professing peaceable and patriotic principles, who quietly associate for the purpose of discussing them, should either be violently dispersed by police officers, or seized, imprisoned, and possibly transported, for exercising those powers, which they were educated to believe inherent in the constitution, under which they lived, and which they had formerly seen exercised by their very prosecutors themselves. Nature, and justice, her brightest emanation, undoubtedly proscribe all similar usurpations on the rights and liberties of her choicest most favoured production; but man has incessantly laboured to frustrate nature's kind intentions, and political institutions have at

cock is said to have signified our most *gracious s—r—n*, and the publisher is now under prosecution for this *libel*. Since the first impression of this work was printed, Eaton has been tried. The Jury differed in opinion with the Attorney General, and acquitted the prisoner. Thus it would appear, as if G—ge III. was not considered as a *game cock*,

length

length reached such a climax of degeneracy, as to promise a speedy and radical reform of their own corruptions. Subtilize as they will, crafty venal politicians must finally submit to the sovereign laws of truth. It is hard we confess, according to the present constitution of society, to read a recantation, and to offer a *voluntary* sacrifice of those dear partial gifts, on which *privileged* mortals have so long built their happiness, nor can it be supposed that these *privileged* proprietors, (the supposition is proved by the fact,) will ever *voluntarily* surrender the *exclusive* enjoyments which they hold, or indeed any part of them, for the beneficial purposes of public relief. *Liberty and Equality* are tremendous sounds in the ear of a courtier, but the philosopher the philanthropist bow down with reverence to their powers.

God, (religion is the order of the day,) abhors all such impious distinctions as have been mentioned—His words are peace, charity, and brotherly love. The God of *Christians*, Jesus of Nazareth, preached these doctrines. Do christian princes practise them? How are his holy laws profaned? Are we not in everlasting

lasting warfare? Christian nations drowned in human blood.

Against the proud mansions of the rich, impregnable walls are erected for exclusion of the poor.

“ Miseri; nolite me tangere.”

“ Wretches, keep your distance.”

Such is the motto of Bath House. Poverty never found a refuge there.

We have prefaced this chapter with some remarks on the abuse of riches, as certainly not inapplicable to the fair subject of it, who inherits all the *frugal* virtues of her *prudent discreet* papa. Educated agreeably with the ancient regimen, she betrayed early symptoms of aversion against a monastic life, anxious to break through the bars of a convent, and to free herself from all political restraints, to follow the laws of nature and of freedom. Happy, had she still adhered more closely to those laws, but a sordid avaricious example eternally before her eyes, she seems to have contracted the same habits, and to indulge scarcely any other hope, than that of increasing her immense property, a mere *caput mortuum* in her hands.

As

As fortune is the sole recommendation to preferment in Britain, our most gracious sovereign, acting in uniform consistency, and with the respect to that *virtue* in others, which he so ardently and devoutly cherishes in himself, has ennobled the fortune of this lady by the dignity of an ancient title. Thus are honours bestowed. Riches and influence are the sole passport to the favours of a court. It would be derogatory from the system to reward liberality or sentiment, or extensiveness of learning and knowledge*. It is difficult for young persons, unless fortified by superior natural endowments, to avoid the contagion of evil example for ever before their eyes;—and where could we find an example more selfish and unproductive of good, than that which she has had eternally before her? An old idolator of cash, brooding over his hoards, calculating his accounts, and speculating on

* Mr. Gibbon, the immortal author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, is dead in neglect and obscurity—no royal honours granted to protect his name from oblivion; yet perhaps his name may flourish when kings shall be only remembered by their follies or their crimes.

K

schemes

schemes in stock jobbing, building, banking, &c. whereby he is to accumulate additional riches.—No project of humanity ever entered his bosom; no enlarged views of philanthropy, whereby society was to be improved in morals, or meliorated in condition; all his views concentrated within one vile point—self.—To buy up boroughs, to purchase estates, to make advantageous bargains in every branch of pecuniary commerce, founding all happiness on this wretched principle: yet after all, it will prove labour in vain; his *pelf* cannot accompany him to that bourn, for which he must soon depart; it will then prove a miserable, very inadequate consolation for the unavoidable infirmities and terrors of a death-bed; and if his conscience be not absolutely seared against remorse, it must be tortured at his last moments, in reflecting on the flagrant, barbarous misuse which he had made of his ill-gotten, overflowing treasures.

Goldsmith, and a few other writers, have been advocates for this sordid, abominable vice, but their defence of it consists more in ingenuity than solidity. Avarice is not to be forgiven; it is a robbery from the general stock, feeds the meanest passions of the soul, and

deadens it against every impression of tenderness, justice, and compassion.

Let her Ladyship then no longer pursue the footsteps of her father. Covetousness may not yet have struck such deep root in her breast, but it may be extirpated by reflection. Let her apply those blessings which she actually enjoys, to the benefit and comfort of afflicted mortals.—Let her seek out objects that call for relief; let her house be a general asylum for merit; let her visit the bed of sickness; expel misery and want from its pillow; let her open the prison gate, and set the captive free;—then she will pluck a wreath from the brow of royalty, and have to boast a virtue, that kings know not how to practise.—Let not fortune be barren, nor wither in her hands;—let her immense wealth be circulated widely, and flourish prolific through the land;—and surrounded by mercenary, insipid, titled coxcombs, as she must necessarily be, anxious to repair their dilapidated, or increase their overgrown estates, may she scorn them all, or if inclined to change her *virgin* state, may she select for her companion, independently of all other considerations, one distinguished only for his ta-

lents, his patriotism, and his virtues; and perhaps in so doing, she may hereafter find, that she consulted the best means of her own security.

The policy of her Ladyship's *papa*, always bent on what he deems the *main chance*, was fixed on our cold-blooded minister, whose wise prudent councils, executed by the most merciful and religious prince in Europe, have secured the peace, freedom, and general happiness of Britons on so broad a basis; but the insuperable aversion she felt with the generality of her sex for such a suitor, disdained the injunctions of parental authority; and a future day may probably unfold this truth, that in the present instance, judgment approved her refusal. Let her always thus continue to be guided by her own choice; not miserably sacrifice affection either to wealth or power.

"Can wealth give happiness, look round and see,

"What gay distress! what splendid misery!

"Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,

"The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

"To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd,

"Then wed not acres, but a noble mind."

LADY

LADY W—N.

THE garden of Aristocracy is so full of rich, beautiful, and choice flowers, that it is difficult to fix upon any one of a decided superiority; yet in the present instance we have endeavoured to cull a rose of the brightest hue and most expansive fragrance. In a word, and to drop the metaphor, Lady W—n is possessed of every personal *charm* and mental *accomplishment* that can adorn her sex. *Polite, affable, insinuating, and sprightly*, endowed with an extraordinary facility of speaking, and acting with equal ease and dignity. It is true, alas! her beauty now has rather passed its meridian, but even in its decline, like the setting sun, it scatters a soft and consolatory radiance.

In the early part of life, she had the penetration and good fortune to discover the unrivalled merits of the *amiable* Sir G—ge, who, then an officer in his most sacred Majesty's foot guards, had been honoured with a shining star and blushing ribband, as a proper reward for the spirit and conduct he had displayed in
the

the active and severe duty of St. James' Park. To him therefore she yielded her fair hand, and Venus long smiled propitious on these distinguished votaries of Hymen.

In the progress of time however, the ardour of their affections broke out in *little* jealousies, which required the lenient interposition of a court of law to tranquilize and subdue. It appeared that her Ladyship, in the confidence of female friendship, had intimated to her daughter-in-law Lady B—lkely, her uneasiness and anxiety on the very alarming *falling off* which she experienced in Sir G—ge, who had become altogether remiss in the performance of matrimonial duty. This complaint by the officious assiduity of some *good natured friend*, was related to the knight of the *blushing ribband*, who, justly indignant that his manhood should be called in question, was determined immediately to vindicate *his injured honour* on this material point. He therefore resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered, to prove the falshood of the accusation, and to *convince* her Ladyship of the error under which she laboured. In consequence of this resolution, one morning AT BREAKFAST, he mentioned to her the calumniating

calumniating report which he had heard, and seizing her unawares with all the vehemence of inflamed and indignant passion, brought the *whole affair* directly *on the carpet*, and atchieved a complete victory over all her doubts and apprehensions. Nevertheless, owing to the violent means which he had employed, *my Lady* thought proper to swear a *rape* against her *lord and master*, but the court unwilling to *widen a breach*, which seemed to have been occasioned by too much ardour on both sides, quashed the matter, and reconciled the parties.

The above anecdote afforded at the time an inexhaustible fund of conversation to all the fashionable circles, and an infinity of remarks were made on the occasion. Some pretended, agreeably with the opinion of Voltaire, that the cause of the complaint might originate with the lady, who not being altogether of the mildest or most accommodating temper, it was possible through a want of the *necessary complaisance* might (previous to the affair we have mentioned, when all his passions appear to have been *inflamed* to the utmost pitch) have checked his ardour, and put nature to the route. In this case, it has been long and well decided, that *the Lady* is alone to blame, for she can
have

have no right to accuse her husband of a *defect*, of which she is herself the cause. Under such circumstances, Voltaire further observes, the husband might say to her with propriety, “if you love me, it is your duty to evince that love, by the *tenderest* and most *endearing caresses*, in order that my race may be perpetuated, and if you love me not, why did you marry me*.” Be it however as it may, after the *violent attack* which we have related, the reconciled pair appeared again in public, tranquil and happy; and in a short time, accompanied by all the *Loves and Graces*, sought the blissful shores of Italy, where they exhibited to the *astonished* Signoras of that voluptuous climate, a most striking example of the superior refinement of *British manners*, and of connubial felicity. The great Gustavus, late king of Sweden, who was then *also* on his travels, met this *amiable pair* at Rome, where his Majesty, it is said, was wounded by an *arrow* shot from her *piercing eyes*, although the wound did not turn out so fatal as the subsequent *pistol shot* from the bold unerring hand of ANKERSTROM. In this instance, Sir G—ge did not betray any symptoms of jealousy, for

* Vide Questions sur l'Encyclopedie article, *Impuissance*.
the

the royal passion was no less platonic than the passion of Petrarch was for the divine Laura, On the contrary, he felt an encreased value for his *charming* consort, who had been thus distinguished by the notice of the LORD'S ANOINTED.

Soon after *my Lady* had atchieved this memorable triumph, domestic affairs recalled the fortunate couple to their native country, where by the exquisite delicacy of their taste, their *travelled improvements*, and above all, by their *exemplary virtues*, they continue to reflect additional lustre on the English court, in which two of the most glorious and exalted characters that this world ever saw, preside in piety, chastity, MERCY, WISDOM, and all true holiness.

To enumerate this lady's many excellencies, would carry us to too great length, but it may be proper to observe that those, for which she is most distinguished, are *admirable sobriety* and *fair dealing* on all occasions, particularly at *cards*.

MRS. R-B-S-N, alias PERDITA, alias LAURA
MARIA, &c.

“ Quo fugit Venus ? heu ! quove color decens ?

“ Quo *môtus* ? Quid habes illius, illius,

“ Quæ spirabat amores

“ Quæ me sùrpuerat mihi :

“ Felix post nullam, notaque et artium

“ Gratarum facies ? ”

— HERE, we behold the sad remains of beauty once admired. The hours of dalliance and of fond delight, wasted all and fled. Where is now thy FLORIZEL*, thy paramour, and all the courtly flatterers, who bowed the knee before thee ? Thy faded charms, and the miserable wreck of thy once lovely form, no longer excite envy in woman or desire in man. Often have we beheld thee in the zenith of thy fostered vanity, thy little bosom fluttering with exultation and triumph at Florizel's approach. “ Oh exquisite ineffable delight ! oh, *superhuman* rapture, to be loved by a *prince*, to languish, to dissolve in

* The P—e of W—es.

the arms of the son of a monarch ; Oh ! 'tis too much for Perdita's sensibility to support."

Such were the rapturous strains, in which she poured out the divine effusions of her soul on the son of B-w-ck. But, alas ! the quicker our sense of enjoyments, the shorter their duration ; and the oftner repeated, the sooner they lose their value. Man, inconstant man, promises only to deceive, and the superior rank, dignity, and youth of Florizel, were almost incompatible with the humbler virtues of a settled attachment.

Other causes have likewise been assigned for the sudden period put to this *chaste* connection. At that time, Perdita's profusion knew no bounds, so that her continual demands on the *r-y-l purse*, and the demands daily presented on her account from the *r-y-l tradesmen*, excited some prudent reflections in the lover's breast.

Florizel, however, in the glow and ardour of youth, was not ungenerous, and a liberal sum, worthy of a *great magnificent prince*, paid by a FLOURISHING nation, was ordered as a provision for the splendid equipage and sumptuous establishment of Perdita ;—a due tribute to virtue, and a proper reward for the

MRS. R-B-S-N, alias PERDITA, alias LAURA
MARIA, &c.

“ Quo fugit Venus ? heu ! quove color decens ?

“ Quo *motus* ? Quid habes illius, illius,

“ Quæ spirabat amores

“ Quæ me fûrpuerat mihi :

“ Felix post nullam, notaque et artium

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— HERE, we behold the sad remains of beauty once admired. The hours of dalliance and of fond delight, wasted all and fled. Where is now thy FLORIZEL*, thy paramour, and all the courtly flatterers, who bowed the knee before thee ? Thy faded charms, and the miserable wreck of thy once lovely form, no longer excite envy in woman or desire in man. Often have we beheld thee in the zenith of thy fostered vanity, thy little bosom fluttering with exultation and triumph at Florizel's approach. “ Oh exquisite ineffable delight ! oh, *superhuman* rapture, to be loved by a *prince*, to languish, to dissolve in

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zeal and fervor with which she had initiated the *r-y-l* novice into the mysteries of Venus.

Extraordinary services are intitled to *extraordinary distinctions*, and hence Perdita shone till lately, a constellation universally gazed at and admired. But disease has visited her; her once graceful limbs have lost their functions;—that beauteous symmetry which charmed the eye of all beholders, no longer ravishes our sight, and the miserable ruins which remain, serve only as a sad memorial of the fatal effects of inordinate excesses;—let us hope a salutary caution to her sex. When beauty fades, admiration ceases. Unhappy Perdita! when nature smote thee, man forsook thee.—Yet still, thou seemest to delight in exterior shew. Equipage and dress continue to please, nor dost thou appear to retain the least remembrance of earlier days, before thy mind was totally debauched by the flatteries and vanities of a deceitful world. Example has not reached thee. Thy aversions are not excited by the vices, the meannesses thou hast witnessed amongst the *great* the *little* world, in which all thy vain hopes and ideas are still centered. Their ingratitude has not cured thy prejudices;—their neglect and indifference have

have not hurt thy pride ;—former remembrances have not awakened thy reflection. Nevertheless, thou hast had forcible admonitions ; they ought not to have spoken in vain. Hast thou already forgotten the *titled youth*, himself forgetting the only *virtue* on which he can affect to build reputation ;—*the pride of birth* ? Canst thou forget the young *nobleman* who, at the very moment he was swearing his most ardent passion for thee, could sacrifice that passion, and act as the pandar of a P—ce ? The *noble* who would refuse a penny to save a pauper from *starvation*, becomes a pimp, when necessary to feed the sensualities of him by whom he himself hopes to be promoted, even when the dearest and most natural affection of the human heart is at stake.

Oh Perdita, thou knowest such a man. What then are the boasted claims of aristocracy, in whose praise all thy poetic rhapsodies are exhausted ? Amongst that order, feeling is perverted, truth confounded ; they see through the most partial mirror. Poverty seems a crime, rather than a misfortune in the poor.—Guilt is often held meritorious in the rich, yet the poor act from nature ; with the
rich

rich and great, all is artificial. It is only amongst the latter that nature's harmony is disturbed; in the former, the genuine passions are predominant.

The mind of Perdita however, is too weakly organized, to resist the stupid vanities, or to despise the fallacious gewgaw of Patrician Pride. Disabled, and no longer qualified to excel in her former sphere, (although she still maintains her pretensions,) in place of the *departed graces*, it has been attempted to introduce the *living muses**. Perdita has for some time past appeared before the public, as an author. She writes poetry and romance with great facility, but with little effect, unless it be from what subscriptions may produce, the amount of which, we fear is consumed in paying newspaper *puffs*, for which she seems to have an *insatiable appetite*; sonnets, madrigals, odes, elegies, monodies, epithalamiums, and novels indiscriminately flow from her pen, and if that be any consolation to her, an infinity of *congenial* praise is almost daily lavished on

* In Perdita's next literary compositions, we would advise her to be more gay, in those which have hitherto appeared, the *opiate* is far too powerful.

them

them in that curious composition of *elegant criticism*, and refined literature, the Oracle, published under direction of the *famous* Mr. John Bell, bookseller, in the Strand.

The life of Perdita has been chequered with great variety. Whatever partiality she herself may have for the dignity of birth and titles, her descent is from the *ranks* of democracy. Her father was a poor seafaring man, and her mother, *the lord knows who*; but to the hour of her death, the parent found an easy and comfortable asylum under her daughter's roof.

Launched out into this vast world, before she had attained the age of eighteen, having taken *French leave* of her relations, it was her lot to become acquainted with a young man clerk to an attorney in Chancery-lane, with whom she entered into the holy state of matrimony. But Perdita was very ill-formed for the insipid monotony of connubial life. Nature had been liberal towards her, and she was conscious of her attractions. Masquerades, operas, pantheons, and all the spectacles of London were frequented by her. There, she gave full sway to her powers, till the cruel unrelenting arm of law stopt her career, and drove

drove the youthful couple into the Fleet-prison, which has often proved a receptacle to unfortunate lovers. Here they continued in the most abject state of poverty, till released by that paragon of all goodness, the D-ch-ss of Devonshire, whose charity penetrates through the darkest gloom of a dungeon, to find the wretched out. Liberated from confinement, they at once forgot the horrid scenes through which they had passed, and again ventured on the theatre of boundless dissipation.

Amidst the constant orgies in which our *fair friend* was now engaged, she became acquainted with a nobleman*, whose life was as eccentric, as the circumstances of his death were remarkable. His Lordship devoted all his attention to her, and thus, she soon attracted universal notice. It would be unjust, were we to refuse a degree of merit to Perdita far beyond what we generally find amongst those immersed in the vapid circles of London amusements—therefore, through L—d L-t--t-n's marked partiality, seconded by her own *merit*, she soon became a star of superior radiance. But our nobility, however prone to plea-

* The late Lord L-ttl-t-n.

sure,

sure, are generally flow in liberality, and hence pecuniary difficulties still continued to cast a gloom over all her apparent prosperity.

Many a resplendent genius has been brought forth into action, roused by the pressure of distress; the subject of present discussion had no title to this character; yet her personal claims were indisputable; conscious of which, she applied to Mr. Garrick, and obtained from him permission to appear on his theatre. Various characters were attempted, but all her efforts in acting, like those in her writing, were faint and languid; nevertheless, if she failed to please, she never disgusted; a negative praise, which it is impossible to confer on the generality of her successors. Perdita*, in the Winter's Tale was reckoned her chef d'œuvre, and it was in that amiable character, she conquered the heart of the youthful, the Royal Florizel.

The attendance and fatigue inseparable from a theatrical profession, were ill suited to a system of the wildest dissipation, and her r-y-l amour immediately dissolved her engagement with Drury Lane.

* A character which she performed with success, and whence she took the name by which she has been known in the *polite* world.

M

It

It has been already mentioned how her intrigue with Florizel commenced, and how it concluded; after which, regardless of matrimonial restraints, her *commerce* with the gay world for a considerable time was *universal*, till that epoch of her life came on, which could not fail in some degree, to give a new bias to her conduct, because it had an influence on her *affections*.

A HERO appeared before her, in whom all the accomplishments of a Cæsar were united. The *scholar*, the *orator*, the *soldier*, the *lover*. As a scholar, in his book upon *tactics*, he shews himself a *perfect grammarian*, a most excellent *tactician*; as an orator his *parliamentary speeches* prove him an *inimitable*, PRACTICAL *speechifier*; as a soldier, the UNFADED *laurels* which he reaped in so gloriously fighting against liberty, are the surest proof of his patriotism and valour; and as a LOVER, let Perdita record his deserts.

On his return from America, he was introduced to Perdita. The effect was sudden and extreme. At his approach, her *senses* were *petrified* with amazement. All remembrance of royalty vanished; the blaze of charms that burst upon her sight, communicated itself to her heart, and she fainted away at his feet.

The

The *god-like youth* enjoyed his triumph, and stood erect before her; till at last, awaking from her *trance*, tenderly surveyed her *lovely conqueror*, her sensibility found vent, and she cried out in the words of the Carthaginian queen, (for Perdita understands latin,)

“Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse Deorum.”

Her hero was scarcely less affected, than herself; but when his spirits began to subside, and he recounted his *noble* warlike deeds in America, whence he was just returned;—the spoils he had ravished from a ruined peasantry, the fields he had laid waste,—the granaries and cottages he had destroyed;—the numbers his *biting falchion* had mowed down,---and lastly his own imminent hair-breadth escapes; the tenderness of Perdita was once more overcome, and she again exclaimed in the pathetic strains of the unhappy, lovesick Dido:

————— “Heu quibus ille
“Jactatus fatis; quæ bella exhausta cane-
bat.”

During this *moving* scene, the lover's passions were wound up to such a height, that it became absolutely necessary for them to seek some *immediately* relief, nor did they fail to seize the first opportunity of retiring, to enjoy,

joy, in private, the delicious fruit of their mutual enthusiasm.

Since the above period, the felicity of which we have faintly, very faintly attempted to describe, this connection has lasted with a few casual interruptions to the present day; but we have lately heard, with unfeigned sorrow, (so fugitive are lover's joys,) that there at present exists a serious difference between them, the *Liverpool hero* having betrayed certain symptoms of amorous fondness for Perdita's fair daughter. If, however, it be so, let us admonish our friend not to let her hero's infidelity add to her other misfortunes. Her long acquaintance with the *great* must have convinced her, that these accidents will happen in the *best and greatest* families; —that amongst them, they are affairs of course, and as her *lover* has long forsaken his original *trading connections*, to live altogether in the *polite world*, with our BETTERS, she ought not to be surprised or offended, that he should implicitly follow the *fashion*.

Perdita can not agreeable with her own principles be offended, that we have introduced her into the society which she courts with so much assiduity and zeal; so all apology is unnecessary.

HER R-Y-L H-N-SS P-C-SS A-G-T-S
F-D-R-CK.

IN the Romish religion, marriage is a sacrament, which no human law can dissolve. In the Protestant churches, it has been ever held a most sacred institution, of divine origin, ordained by the Deity himself. "Those, whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder;" thus, saith the scripture; but man, proud man, dressed in regal authority, styling himself God's vicerent upon earth, arrogates the power of annulling the laws of his master, and in virtue thereof strikes at nature's rights, repudiates innocence, and violates at once the most sacred bonds of morality and religion. It is the glory of k—gs to be consistent. They will proclaim fasts and penances in expiation of *their subjects'* sins; they will be most regular in attending divine service, they will raise their *goggled* eye balls up to heaven, with all the fanatic excess of devotion but attack their pride, their vanity, or prerogative,

gative,—the holy mysteries of the church are deemed by these pious So——ns very unworthy of regard, when striking at any idle vain-glorious prejudice, to which their grandeur seems attached. If, however, the precedent be admitted, that any *human law* can disannul the *divine law of marriage*, in one case, no charge of infidelity, or any cause of repudiation alledged by either party, against the other, by a parity of reasoning, if it suited any political or flagitious purpose, it would be competent to disannul any other, or all the marriages in the nation. What a desperate precedent to establish! yet, the Right Reverend bench afford their sanction to it; a fiat is issued out by the B-sh-p of the D-c-se, in order to shew cause, why the marriage of a k—g's son should not be set aside, and thus, an infant born in lawful wedlock, be *bastardized*, although the parties had been first married in a foreign country, the banns had been three times successively published afterwards at home, and the ceremony finally performed agreeably with the most exact and rigid rules of the church.

Nevertheless, all that we perceive in this r-y-l manœuvre, is perfectly essential to the present

pretent constituted order of things, As the pomp pageantry and utility of courts are endangered by their virtues being questioned, it becomes necessary to increase the quantity of dust, hitherto employed, to blind the multitude, in order to keep up the farce with additional splendour, and superior decorations. But in the eyes of God—the parties are MAN and WIFE. Every attempt to divide those whom mutual affection and the church have united, is infamous in the sight of *man*, blasphemous in the sight of his *Creator*,—devoting to unmerited sorrow, and stamping disgrace and ruin on a woman;—perhaps only for obeying the dictates of a pure ingenuous heart: but the public, albeit, inclined as they have of late shewn themselves, to believe as orthodox, all ——— *proclamations*, will be slow in consigning to obloquy and misery, an innocent female, or in countenancing opinions, that tend to violate the sanctity of plighted faith, and to enable man and woman, pledged to each other by the engagement of a solemn religious contract, to marry other parties; nor will they, now that they have begun to think for themselves, that their minds are in a state of progress, be easily led to adopt a political statute,

tute, in lieu of a religious vow, on which every thing most dear and sacred in society depends, and which would render the issue of matrimonial contract spurious. The ordinary feelings of mankind, are not yet sublimed to this pitch of r-y-l refinement. The vulgar still continue to pay some respect to that tie, which serves as a barrier of security, for the peace and happiness of families, and to prevent the fatal consequences of promiscuous prostitution.

Great God ! is the reign of delusion to last for ever ? Are neither experience or example, so dearly bought, sufficient to convince us, of the flagrant inveteracy of these impostures ? What magic is there in the sound of —— ? and what honor can an amiable, beautiful woman derive from such an union ? or where, on the other side, consists the disgrace, in yielding to the generous impulse of the heart, in contempt of stupid, factitious distinctions ? Do the letters which compose the name of Murray, strike more grating on the ear, than the harsh *outlandish* name of —— ?

Is affection become an art to require the sanction of a royal patent, and are the most sacred

cred religious duties,—the tenderest, dearest sensibilities of human nature, like the ordinary commodities of life, to be at the discretion of an — of ——— prompted from behind the curtain of a c-b-n-t ?

The horrors of the system in question, we have attempted to illustrate in the first section of this volume, and too much praise cannot be conferred on persons under similar circumstances, who have had virtue and resolution to burst the shackles of unhallowed custom, and to obey the pure dictates of the soul.

Her R-y-l Highness surely can reflect no disgrace on the family with whom she is connected. Her knowledge of the world—the advantages of a *travelled education*, having visited almost every court of Europe, and having resided very much at Paris, when that city was in the *zenith* of its Aristocracy, and where her charms received all the homage they deserved; calculated to shine conspicuous in the meridian of a palace, will enable her to be a very useful monitress, and to correct those striking exuberancies, which we still remark in the B--w--ck race.

The Murrays are without exception rivetted in their attachment to princes. Their royalty stands distinguished upon record; indif-

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ferent

ferent to family, indifferent to individuals, provided those individuals' brows be encircled with a regal diadem ! Let then sympathy in principle,--the *virtuous* attachment of a noble and loyal family, supersede for once all regard for the exclusive definitions of ———.

If princes were more apt to lay aside their preposterous unnatural distinctions, to be satisfied with a moderate rational power, and to be more on a level with the ordinary conditions of life, the system might be of longer duration, than the present face of things announces.

Whatever revolution her new connection may have operated in her mind, Lady A-g-ta M-r-y was *naturally* a most amiable woman. Her countenance, a perfect emblem of the *cornucopia*, peace and plenty beam on her aspect ; they are also the features of her soul. No affected delicacy, no overstrained prudery of behaviour, she was formed to please, and it would be hard indeed, if she should have cause hereafter to lament the effects of her own powers of pleasing. But Oh ! let not k—gs persist to frustrate great Nature's laws. Professing religion, let them not violate its most solemn rites. Building a reputation on their own conjugal fidelity, let them not dare to
violate

violate it in others. No human decree can be competent to annul the sacred law of marriage; an ordinance of God himself.

The Author *here* speaks the language generally adopted by themselves. It is fair to argue from their own tenets, and to expose falsehood, when there appears such glaring contradictions in the theory and practice. He himself would be very loth to abide by their arbitration in any instance whatever. Detesting hypocrisy, he would prefer the free ingenuous character of Lady A-g-ta; he would find more charms in her manners, flowing from nature, pure, undisguised, than in all the formal ceremonies, sanctified hypocrisy, and disgusting pomps, kept up at W-s-r or B-k-h-m house. To conclude; if the r-y-l blood *cannot be improved*, certainly, it will not be *vitiated* by the present alliance; the decision of the present question is yet in embryo, and the public impatiently wait to know; whether, r-g-l p—de is to triumph over the most sacred law, *human or divine*:—whether marriages which are said to be made in heaven, can be thus dissolved;—whether an Ecclesiastical Court can issue forth a decree paramount to one, which issues from the celestial Chancery itself.

M—C—SS OF S-L-B-RY.

“ The Sylvan race our active Dames pursue,

“ Man is not all the game they have in view ;

“ In woods and fields, their glory hey complete

“ There, *Lady Mary** leaps a five-barr'd gate.”

VARIOUS are the degrees of excellence
Some delight in *princes*;—some in *bounds* and
horses. Her Ladyship's merit is general.
She delights equally in them all. From the
drawing room, where she shines the *phœnix* of
a court; she next day appears the *Diana* of the
chace;—the wonder of every rustic swain.
Delicate in her form, apparently very unfit to
brave the severity of weather, or to endure the
violent exercise of a fox chace, she disappoints
expectation, and is at once the admiration and
envy of every sportsman in the field; no *Nim-*
rod amongst them all, is able to vie with her in
knowledge of the country†, or in the boldness
of *cavalier* atchievements. Is it possible to

* M-c-n-ss of S-l-b-ry, whose maiden title was
Lady Mary H-ll.

† A technical phrase much used in hunting.

refuse applause, where we perceive an union of such useful, exemplary accomplishments? No the *merit* is uniform and transcendant. —To be a companion of queens, the constant admired follower of a court, is *almost* as meritorious, as to be the ornament and leader of a fox hunt.

Her ladyship is certainly formed by nature as well as by education, and the instructions received under her most noble father*, to shine a brilliant constellation in the *galaxy* of royalty; but the exquisite delicacy of her graceful form, and the *supposed* devotion to hymeneal duties, did not authorise a belief, that she could ever have displayed that superiority as a *huntsress*, which nevertheless, she has so *happily* attained. How can we account for this? My *L—d M—q—s* is a *nobleman* of *approved prowess and vigour*. Pledges whereof have been produced, and the amiable, flattering likeness of the *manly* original, proclaimed; his Lordship however, is much addicted to indolence. *Morpheus* has shed his whole

* The late Marquis of D-n-sh-re, *ci-devant* E—l of H-lb-r-gh, a principal instigator of the American war, and who, through life, was an invariable devotee to the court.

influence

influence over him. Hence, he has not the power to *charm my Lady* to his bed, when the echoing horn sounds a signal for the chace. It is not often that *Diana* triumphs over *Venus*. The Paphian queen still reigns triumphant. Let us not then be too precipitate; nor from one deceitful example, call in question, the sovereignty of that empire, which the latter will ever hold over the world she has subdued.

Collateral incidents may arise from the spurious institutions of society, that will casually interrupt connubial flumbers, but it is not thence to be concluded, that the empire of almighty love suffers diminution. No; after consummation, Hymen and Venus, amongst the more elevated ranks of life, are often soon *divorced*. The veteran sportsman*, who has so many years presided over the amusements of the field, and run so many foxes down, has not yet altogether given up the pursuit of other *game*. Threescore and upwards, he does not seem to have lost remembrance of other *sports*—to use the words of a musical comedy,

* Mr. Hugo M-n-J, the most renowned and intrepid fox hunter in the whole world.

“ Still

“*Still loving the fiddle, though scarce able to dance;*” nevertheless, he labours to support his *former reputation*, and forgetting domestic bickerings and misfortunes, (for he is said to be unhappy at home,) to *erect a new standard* by the discovery of *fresh subjects*. Nor does it appear, that he labours wholly in vain. It is he who directs the S-l-b-ry hunt. He sounds the *horn* that calls forth *my Lady* from her bed, seduces her from her *noble consort’s drowsy* arms, and kindles in her bosom, the most interesting animated sensations. It is not often that old age performs such achievements, but nature is whimsical and frequently delights to play her eccentric tricks. The M-c-n-fs herself is no longer in the bloom of youth, and our *English Nimrod* has long passed his climacteric. Yet, in spite of every obstacle, she instantly rises at the sound of his *horn*, and the most noble Actæon continues to enjoy his innocent slumbers.--Natural causes have been stated, (although we believe not the statement,) in illustration of this *phenomenon*. His Lordship, whatever the fact may be, certainly bears a strong *personal* resemblance to those *gentle sopranos* of the opera, over whom, in
virtue

virtue of his office*, he holds an unlimited controul; but would it not be *barbarous* to insinuate, after the *sweet lovely little pledges*, which have sprung from this *noble* union, that the *puissant* M—q—s bears any *physical* resemblance to those *unfortunate innocents*, some of whom however, have been known to inspire with tenderest emotions, the susceptible bosom of British beauty? Such sympathies indeed are perfectly *harmless*, and ought still more to be encouraged, as not being exposed to particular consequences, that sometimes result from enjoyments with rude unmutilated man.

In enumerating the perfections of her L-dy-p, the *hospitalities* of Hatf-ld must not be forgotten. The strict etiquette there preserved, the extreme and laudable care that is employed to prevent the approach of *vulgar* intruders, the splendid festivities being confined altogether to the neighbouring nobility and gentry of the *first distinction*, cannot be

* *The most noble* M-q-s, as L-d C-b-l-n, and being a nobleman of *incomparable* taste and erudition, is appointed by the discriminating B-t-sh C--t, to superintend all the theatrical spectacles of London, and to take special care that no *Democratic* or *immoral* piece shall be represented.

suffici-

sufficiently applauded, while we can never cease to lament, that *Christmas comes but once a year*, the only season that their superb generous festivals are celebrated. During the remainder of the revolving year, all is *blank*; the gates of the castle are impregnably barricaded. Indeed it would be unreasonable to expect, that such distinguished ornaments of Aristocracy, should render their presence too common to the generality of their country neighbours, therefore the M-q-s *seldom* appears amongst them, and the M-c-n-s is never visible, unless on *hunting* days: *Christmas* excepted.

L-DY A-CH-R.

“ Ay’ J’encore décrit la dame brelandiere,
 “ Qui des Joueurs chez foi, se fait cabaretiere,
 “ Et souffre des affronts, que ne souffrirait pas
 “ L’hotesse d’une auberge, à dix sous par repas.”

BOILEAU.

HER Ladyship’s *figure* has been for many years *common* to this metropolis, but the natural complexion of her *face*, is no more remembered, it having being so long disguised by *cosmetic art*, that flesh and blood seem not to form the least part of its composition. The art of *painting*, however, of *brushing up an old decayed picture*, is not the only art in which she excels. The noble dame is a perfect mistress of all our *polite, fashionable arts*. In the art of driving a phaëton with superior grace and dexterity;—of shuffling the cards, and *raising a cock** at Faro. In the secret art of *prudent, frugal hospitality†*, as an *adept* in

* An expression much used at the intricate and *pleasant* game of Faro, and a *practice* never omitted, when an opportunity offers.

† It is a general complaint amongst our elegant *muscadins* and *muscadines* who frequent her Ladyship’s assemblies and *punt at her bank*, that when lemons are dear, she makes her *lemonade* of *cream of tartar*, which is apt very much to agitate their *noble intestines*, and to produce a most *unpleasant* effect in the company.

cer-

certain *manual exercises*, although now bending under the weight of years, she has still the PALM*, and in all the mysteries and arts of love, she is acknowledged to *have been* the paragon of her day. His late R-yal H-n-s the D-ke of Y—k, brother to our gracious Sovereign, the most *wise* and most *merciful* prince that ever swayed a r-y-l sceptre, and uncle to our renowned *Dunkirk hero*, who, we are assured, is the greatest and most successful general, the world ever saw, some thirty years ago, submitted to her chains, a *voluntary* captive. The E-r-ngt-ns, the St-r-rs, who have passed away, and now only present the miserable relics of wordly vanity and folly.—Those *philanders* of former times once led *captivity captive*, too happy to be bound in her fetters. Rather more advanced in age than they, she trained up those veterans

* It must here be observed that her Ladyship's *little lovely virgin* sister M—s W-t, long disputed the preeminence with her in this truly ingenious and popular art, and with whom the victory remained, was left for arbitration, to that pink of chivalry, that favourite of the fair, that all competent judge, the illustrious and *puissant*, chevalier of the B-ck R—d, who after repeated trials, impartially pronounced their *merits* to be so equal, that it was impossible for him to decide between them.

in the way they should go, and they never strayed from the *right* path, till forced, agreeably with the order of things, to submit to fate, and yield up their places to the superior vigour and attractions of more juvenile successors.

Her FRIENDSHIP with Mr. H-y E-r-ngt-n, (who can boast alliance with R-y-l blood*, should not the Ecclesiastical court judge proper to interfere,) is of very ancient date, and amidst the vast variety of lovers who have succeeded one after another, that gentleman has still maintained his post, and to this very hour, *might even in his ruins*, enjoys his *virtuous* triumph, without exciting envy in his cotemporaries, and on his last stage, displays a *singular* example of the most *meritorious constancy and love*.

In the progress of life, different passions alternately succeed; customs and manners vary:

“Le temps qui change tout, change aussi nos humeurs,
“Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit et ses mœurs.”

“Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
“Mobilibusque decor naturis, dandus et annis.†”

* Mr. E-r-ngt-n is uncle to her R-y-l H-n-s the P-c-s of W—s, *alias* Mrs. F-h-b-t.

† Horace

When

When there is a falling off of lovers; when a *conscious* decay of nature promises no return of those courtships and flatteries so lavishly offered to youth and beauty, other substitutes are explored. The mind *must* be occupied, and gaming is a *noble* field for avarice (which is the vice of age) to work in. Female vanity never dies, and when personal charms are faded, nor adorers to be met, still it delights in dissipated scenes, and finds a resource in the spectacles of a theatre, or in the tumultuous croud and distractions of a gaming house. Never was there a more fervent devotee, than this *noble lady* has uniformly been through life, to *pleasure*; never, did any person *labour* more indefatigably to fill up the wrinkled deformities of nature, with the impotent remedies of art; but all is *labour in vain*;--the remedy is worse than the disease, it chiefly consisting of mercurial and a variety of pernicious ingredients, often afflicting palsies and other most fatal maladies; nor in another sense, does it ever answer the purpose intended, exciting disgust, instead of stimulating desire: a revolting melancholy instance of which, we have now before us--a PAINTED SEPULCHRE.

If the sex were only anxious to appear beau-

tiful in their own eyes, to please themselves, doubtless, they would be free to chuse their own ornaments, and to dress themselves out after their own faction and caprice; but if it be men whom they aspire to please, if it be for them that they daub and varnish their complexions, I have collected the opinions of mankind, and I promise on the part of the great majority, if not of all, that the use of paint renders women hideous and disgusting, that it withers and disguises them, that men hate as much to behold the female countenance thus plaistered, as to see false teeth in the mouth, or balls of wax in the jaw; that they decidedly protest against every artifice employed to disfigure the sex.

If women were by nature, what they make themselves appear by art; were they to lose in an instant the bloom of youth; should their complexions become *naturally* and suddenly as leaden and wan, as they are rendered by the destructive minerals they employ, they would be inconsolable. Nevertheless, such continues the stupid, pernicious practice, in all the higher circles of polished society, it begins also to be in great vogue amongst our *City Dames and Country Misses*.

It

It is a *glorious* custom in Britain, amongst the great, for the daughters of nobility, to be presented at court, and initiated into all the virtuous enjoyment of the *beau monde*, as soon as they have attained a certain number of years; but our *antique* dame kept back her lovely daughters, nor ushered them into society, till compelled to do so, till the young ladies had bidden adieu to their *mama's house*, without notice, and committed themselves to other protection.

This reluctance on her part to make known her OFFSPRING, the fruits of honest and lawful love, has also been assigned to a different cause.--Her ladyship being to enjoy the interest of their fortunes while they remained unmarried, it has been *wickedly* reported that her conduct was influenced in this business, by the above sordid, ungenerous motive.

The motive however, is immaterial. The widow's income was certainly very much reduced by her daughter's marriages, and as it is rather a painful task to curtail those luxuries, which custom has rendered essential to existence, it became necessary to strike out some plan of reparation, for this decrease of property, whereby she might be able still to *keep up* her former splendid appearance, and set,
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the envy of *gossip* malignity at defiance. The fecundity of her brain supplied an adequate remedy. A *faro bank* was to be the happy instrument of *renovation*, and Plutus has crowned her most sanguine hopes.

In the temple of *virtue*, which she inhabits, a *happy freedom* reigns, and it is only to be lamented, as a partial drawback on the pleasure derived from the profits of her bank, that so perfect is the liberty which there exists that she is treated with as little respect, and with as sovereign contempt by her honourable and noble guests, as if she were, *what most assuredly she is not--a prostituted mistress of the vilest gaming brothel*. So true it is, that there scarcely exist *any uses*, without *their abuses*. But when great benefits flow from any system *little petty evils* that may attend it, are scarcely felt; and if the *grand object* be fulfilled, a few trifling *rebuffs* and *hard words* are not deserving of notice. Besides, sensibility is not very quick or irritable at a gaming table, except on that point, wherein the mind is immediately engaged, and provided money replenishes the bank, my *Lord's abuse* makes very little impression on my lady's sentiment.

Characters

Characters of this description are not unfrequently devout. Her Ladyship, in the year 1793, was seized with an alarming paralytic complaint, since which time, her piety shines conspicuous, and religion is blended with her *other devotions*: yet it is to be regretted, that her religion consists more in *outward visible shew*, than in *inward spiritual grace*, and that if her theory be just, her practice is miserably imperfect, so that all her piety and faith neither procure her friendship, or respect.

“ Not A-ch-r’s bible can secure her age,
 “ Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
 “ While death stands by, but till the game is done,
 “ To sweep that stake, in justice long his own.”

We now bid adieu to this hackneyed female veteran, whose whole life, it must seriously be admitted, has been consumed in one unvaried round of vapid or c-m-n-l pursuits; who threatened as she now is by approaching infirmities, cannot command one endearing reflection to cheer and console her, and who is about to quit this mortal stage, without being able *morally* to say, “ I have performed one good or generous action.”

COUNTESS OF B-K-H-S-RE, CI-DEVANT
MRS. H-B-T.

IT has been wisely contrived by our legislators, that different degrees of morality should be established amongst the various ranks in life. Thus, a mode of conduct which confers the brightest lustre upon the *aristocrat*, will transport a *poor* fellow to Botany-Bay, or send a *needy villain* to the gallows. The *great* lady of whom we are now about to write a just panegyric, may very fairly illustrate the observation; for had she given such full *scope to her genius*, supposing her to have sprung from a plebeian origin, she would in all probability have passed much of her time in the house of correction; whereas on the contrary, descended from, and allied to a *noble* race, she is an object of *admiration, imitation and consideration*; her smile is *fame*, and her approval *glory*. Before the late *happy* period when a coronet fell upon her brow, she was *simply honourable*; but now she is absolutely *right honourable*, and particularly distinguished by that purest of all qualities, (and indeed almost the only one that at this day bear any

any weight in England,) y'clepped *loyalty*, a LOVE of KINGS.---Now it must be confessed by all who reflect seriously and candidly on the subject, forming their judgment on the history of past times, or on the transactions of the present, that k---gs are the greatest blessings to mankind ; that it is entirely owing to their virtuous and *majestic* exertions, that the world has been so long, and is still preserved in peace, good order, and prosperity; that the labourer enjoys his honest earnings free from violence or imposition ; no tax gatherers to disturb his repose, to violate his peaceful dwelling, and ravish the fruits of his virtuous industry ; or if *per chance*, he *should* be assailed by such *gentry*, one consolation yet remains, that it is all for the good of government, for the splendor of courts, and in order to support the war in which we are happily engaged*. To k--gs likewise we are indebted that

* Such events certainly sometimes take place, and one not long since came to the author's knowledge, which in candour he thinks himself bound to mention. A poor woman on her death-bed, in extreme distress, was surpris'd by a tax-gatherer, knocking violently at her door: she was too feeble to rise, and the man in consequence went away, but returned the next day with

that justice is equally distributed to all men, and that if there start up any audacious democrat to dispute this *truism*, to them we are bound in eternal obligation for having appointed trusty and well-beloved magistrates, who *knowing* the value of our free constitution, know likewise how to provide the sure means of punishing all turbulent, sceptical disputants, presumptuous enough to indulge the Spirit of inquiry.

But not to digress further, our HEROINE, even when *mother H--b--t*, was of great repute, and eminently distinguished for a proper and *genteel* introduction of *raw* cornets and *unfledged* ensigns into life, and for the generous assiduity with which she initiated them into all the joys and mysteries of *Venus*; but alas! as with her *dear noble friend*, to whose merits we have endeavoured to be just in the last chapter, those blessed days are past, and the Paphian queen no longer receives her wonted rights. Age and corpulency are antidotes against all wit a constable broke open the door, and demanded the King's taxes, in his Majesty's name, which the poor woman being unable to pay, agreeably with strict justice, he took away the bed from under her, and she died in a very few hours. This circumstance happened in the neighbourhood of Hackney.

tender

tender passions, yet the absence of youth and beauty is sufficiently attoned by the testimony of a good conscience; of a heart, *that ne'er knew guile.*

The casual observer indeed, when he sees her Ladyship waddling through the *fashionable* streets, puffing, blowing, and *sweating* (pardon *my Lady*, the expression) followed by two powdered, *pampered* lacquies, may naturally conceive her to be the personification of impudence, vanity, and vice; but how would he be surpris'd, were he informed that she was on her way to administer comfort to a sick widow or a deserted orphan, to assist an unfortunate tradesman on the eve of bankruptcy, or to set a captive debtor free, by yielding up the profits of her last night's *faro bank*?

Her Ladyship's feelings were always most acute; happy however, it is not on all subjects that they are affected. We have beheld her ready to burst with rage, when the *consequences* have been against her at Macao*, and betray symptoms of the most violent agitation, on her *faro bank* being plundered by its *merciless besiegers*. But to family misfortunes, her sensibility is not so quick. When she lost an infant child, through the carelessness

* A game of cards once very much in vogue.

ness of a servant letting it drop from his arms, she expressed no anger or sorrow, and when she was made acquainted with the death of a son fighting his Majesty's battles in America, she submitted to that calamity with truly Christian fortitude, nor did the public suffer any disappointment from the loss, her assemblies continuing open as usual. A *sable exterior* was the only mourning which the Countess displayed on the occasion? So high does she soar above the ordinary feelings of humanity.

A few years ago, many persons of *high birth* resident in this metropolis, were afflicted with a continual watchfulness, unable to procure the gifts of sleep, however omnipotent that Deity in general rule amongst them; but such was the case, when the countess (at that time Mrs. H-b-t) took pity on their melancholy state, and determined to exert all her powers for their immediate relief. She therefore opened her *superb hotel* every evening, where she *indulged* them with readings by *herself*, assisted by her friend the little sprightly barrister, Mr. J-k-ll, who thus paved his way into *good company*. These lectures were chosen from our favourite dramatic authors, and her Ladyship's

ship's remedy proved a *panacea*; for befor it had been applied ten minutes, her auditors were sure to yawn, and in less than half an hour they were generally all fast looked up in the soft arms of consoling Morpheus. She also, that is to say her Ladyship, did at times exhibit her *full blown* charms as an actress on several private theatres: what characters she supported, we have now unfortunately forgot, but to judge from appearances, the Peerefs must have shone with peculiar brilliancy in the representation of Mrs. Blackacre, and still more, in that of Huncamunca in Tom Thumb.

O for a Stentor's voice to sound her praise,
In rich variety of matchless worth.

Whether she quaff the *cordial*, or turn up
The fateful card at Faro,—in the box

Of opera or play-house, whether still
With loudest voice, she shouts *God save the King*,
Abashing all the grumbling *sansculottes*;

Or whether at the well frequented route
She *swelter* forth her kindness, ogling from
Her oily eyelids, many a battered beau,

Consumptive colonel, and decrepit lord;

Or in the presence of the *gifted* Turk,

Jussuf Effendi bids her bosom heave

With eager palpitations of desire;

Alike in all the charms.

Were

Were we to enumerate the noble Countesses, perfections to the utmost extent, we should surpass the limits of our present volume, we shall therefore bid her Ladyship adieu, after having recalled to the public mind a specimen of the most exquisite, the most refined taste, as displayed in the splendid fête which she gave at her superb villa near London, in the summer of 1792; an entertainment so fantastical and eccentric, so enchanting and magnificent, that we were inclined to think the accounts published concerning it in the magazines and newspapers of the day, were exaggerated; but on enquiry, we discovered, that they were perfectly accurate, and published by *my Lady's* own authority.

The reader will find the following account in the European Magazine for the month of July or August, 1792.

June 28, 1792, Mrs. H-b-t's Rural Breakfast and Promenade.

“ THIS long looked for and long prevented fashionable *déjeuner* was given yesterday
 “ in spite of the weather. It is almost needless to remark that all the first nobility and
 “ fashion about town graced this most delightful
 “ ful

“ful fête. The Prince of Wales came first,
 “and precisely at one o’clock. Between four
 “and five hundred persons were present.
 “Amongst whom were the Duke of Glou-
 “cester, Dutcheffes of Rutland and Gordon,
 “Margrave of Anspach, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the
 “Duke of Queensberry, several of the Corps
 “diplomatique, and many other foreigners of
 “the very first distinction. The Duke of
 “Clarence was not there, *irreparable loss!*
 “The breakfast lasted from *two* till past *seven*
 “o’clock.”

“The leading person in this entertainment
 “(which was obliged to be confined to the
 “house on account of the weather) was Mrs.
 “Bristow, a near relation of Mrs. H-b-rt.
 “This lady, who has long resided at the In-
 “dian court Lucknow, was every inch a
 “queen. Dressed in all the magnificence of
 “Eastern grandeur, Mrs. Bristow represented
 “the Queen of Nouradjad, or the Light of
 “the world, in the garden of roses. She was
 “seated in the large drawing room which was
 “very beautifully fitted up with cushions in
 “the Indian style, smoaking her hookah,
 “amidst all sorts of the choicest perfumes.
 “Mrs. Bristow was very profuse with her

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“ otto of roses, (*which by the bye was highly necessary*) drops of which were thrown
 “ about the ladies’ dresses. The whole house
 “ was scented with the most delicious fra-
 “ grance.”

“ The company on entering, were all pre-
 “ sented to Mrs. Bristow by Mrs. H—b—t.
 “ Young Keppel, son of the Margravine of
 “ Anspach, was dressed in girls cloaths. He
 “ was in the character of a Calabrese, and
 “ sung some charming French songs with the
 “ *divine* Le Texier, who was in woman’s
 “ cloaths as a ballad singer, and played on the
 “ fiddle.”

“ A lady was dressed as a Savoyarde, but
 “ could not be distinctly heard, on account of
 “ an intolerable large mask over her face:
 “ Mrs. Bristow likewise sung.”

“ Each lady had a lottery ticket given her
 “ by Mrs. H-b-t on entering, and each drew
 “ a prize. The Duchess of Rutland drew
 “ the second highest; but the *gross lot* or first
 “ prize never went out of the wheel. It was
 “ at the end of the drawing, presented by
 “ Mrs. H-b-t on her KNEES TO THE INDIAN
 “ QUEEN NOURADJAD.”

Such

Such is the truly picturesque description of this divine fête, and we are happy to announce, that it is her Ladyship's intention to repeat it this summer, in honour of the accession to her new rank and dignities.

MRS. H-ST-R L-NCH P-OZZI.

- “ Ay’ j’encore dépeint la femme bilieuse,
 “ *La Pedante au ton fier, la Bourgeoise ennuyeuse,*
 “ Celle qui d’elle même fait son seul entretien,
 “ Celle qui toujours parle, et ne dit jamais rien ?

BOILEAU.

THE private life of this lady has been scrutinized with much freedom, and criticism appears to have laid aside candour in examining her literary productions. Peter Pindar has ridiculed her most unmercifully. Jemmy Boswell has *cut her up*; and Barretti has abused her. We shall endeavour to be more just and to render strict justice both to her character and talents.—When old T—le was removed from this world, it is to be hoped, into a better, she was left a widow, rich and *jolly*,—*little more than forty*, with warm passions, which the *parturition* of a *dozen* children had not been able to subdue. Now it so happened, that Signior P--zzi had been musical instructor to her daughters for many months previous to the *old gentleman's* death, and imperceptibly, by listening to the vocal melodies of the *enchant-*
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ing Signor, her heart was much softened. In short, she *fallen* in love with him ; and after a decent time passed in widowhood, she condescended to give him her hand, her *soul* and her fortune, whereby the Signor became the *happiest* of men.—These nuptials however, were not celebrated without violent opposition from the *young ladies*, who could not endure the idea of mama's marrying a *music master* ; neither were they desirous that others should partake in the instructions which they received. Dr. Johnson also, who had long been a *friend* to the family, uttered according to his eccentric manner, some *growling* sarcasms ; but all was ineffectual. Almighty love triumphed ; the holy ceremony was performed, and the *rites consummated*. Though this *revolution* occasioned a great outcry in the *Thralian* circles, and particularly offended the *chaste and learned* society of the *blue stockings*, of which she had been a principal ornament, but from which, she was now indignantly excluded, yet it were barbarous to deny a blooming widow the right of pleasing herself in an affair, where female happiness is so intimately connected ; and more especially as all the Brewer's children were *nobly* provided for, independent of their
mama,

mama, who had been so long accustomed to *Hymeneal enjoyments*, that she knew not how to submit to a solitary life of celibacy. Indeed we cannot discover that the Signora in any manner disgraced herself by these nuptials, for in the eyes of nobility, a *Musician* is considered equal to a Brewer, (unless indeed where weight of metal preponderates) ; nor can any just reason be assigned, why a dealer in *strains*, should not be in all respects as worthy and *active* a citizen, as a dealer in *grains*. But this intricate point we must refer for decision to the Corinthian pillar of Aristocracy*, who tells us that virtues as well as titles are hereditary, and who can trace the exact line, where *quality ends*, and where the swinish multitude begin.

The Signora's literary talents are above mediocrity ; her life of Johnson is full of requisite information, certainly far superior to any similar production from her *learned* male competitors. Her poetry is by no means contemptible. The account of her travels with her present beloved lord and master is enriched by accurate observations, as well as by a faithful delineation of national character, and may be reckoned her best *literary* production.

* The Right Honourable E——d B——ke.

Having been many years in most intimate habits with that renowned bully of literature Dr. Johnson, she has imbibed all his prejudices, to which she is bigoted with an invincible obstinacy.

If however, she practises his *faults*, she adopts his *virtues*. Like him, she is an orthodox Christian, an admirer of nobility, an adorer of k—gs, an everlasting egotist, and a determined enemy to human liberty. Her creed is passive obedience, nonresistance, and implicit faith. Amen.

It rejoices us to learn that the family breach which her second marriage had occasioned, is perfectly repaired. Her daughters have returned to their duty, and the Italian *papa* is properly respected. We therefore sincerely hope, that her evening of life may close in peace, and that when she and the tender, faithful P--zzi shall have warbled their *finale* here on earth, they may be wafted to the abode of bliss, to sing Hallelujahs *without end*.

C--NT-SS OF S-FT-N.

THE consort of this great female personage is chiefly distinguished by the sign CORNUCOPIA, which he bears on his much *honoured* and Right Honourable front. The Countess herself is *renowned* for a variety of perfections. The noble and royal blood* which so happily blended, continues to flow *pure* in her veins, is the surest presage of her many *virtues*. Conscious of the superior worth annexed to high descent, she acts up to the sentiment, is haughty and overbearing towards persons of inferior rank, or towards those for whom her heart feels no predilection, while she is all affability and condescension to *princes*;—all tenderness and love, where her passions are engaged. The Earl of C-l-le

* L-dy S—t-n is second daughter of the late Earl of H-r-ngt-on, so *justly* celebrated for his *elegant* amours in King's place, &c. &c. by the Right Honourable Lady C. Fitzroy his wife, who was descended in a *crooked* line from that royal but indiscriminate *propagator* of the human race Charles II.

who,

who, when in *bloom*, shone the *prettiest* flower of the parterre ; Richard F-zp-tr-ck, who in his *decadence* now only presents a sad imperfect copy of what he formerly was,—a melancholy image of an ill-spent life ; and poor John St. John, who has been lately translated to another world, are all said to have been alternately happy in—*her protection*.

Where there exist no sympathy of taste or feeling between the parties, no very great harmony, at least, no superior comforts or happiness can be expected in the married state, unless there be a certain degree of philosophy on one side or the other, and we have reason to believe that domestic quiet is little known in this family. *My Lord* is petulant, capricious, eternally on the fret, and vexed by every trifling incident ; while the high spirit of *my Lady*, which she inherits from her late noble mother, cannot brook the slightest neglect or imaginary affront ; but whenever matters come to an issue, victory generally inclines on the strongest side, the *Earl* being very unable to cope with the *Countess* in feats of *corporeal prowess*. Nevertheless, they still persist to drag the chains of Hymen under the same roof, although it cannot be

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pretended that their ways are ways of pleasantness, nor that all their paths are peace; but still the *little Peer* has his *little* resources within himself. He delights in *his ponies* and his phaeton, “*Gaudet equis, canibusque,*” in the novelty and elegance of his harness and equipage he feels infinite satisfaction, and while occupied by these *sublime* pursuits, he seems to forget all domestic misfortunes. The *Peerefs* had far different avocations. She delighted as we have already signified—in ———; but having passed the age of maturity *friget Venus*, and *votaries* are now wanting, the bloom has been long off the fruit.

Fidelity to the marriage vow is rarely to be found amongst our superiors; which is the more wonderful, when we consider the bright example of conjugal happiness displayed by the royal couple, whose virtues at present are more than ever the subject of universal panegyric.

If however, in one particular instance, the splendid example is not followed, we are bound to confess that in most instances, the imitation is perfect; witness the terrible catastrophe which happened at the Hay-market theatre, where sixteen persons were crushed to death, when the amusements of the theatre were no

ways interrupted* ; not one r-y-l feature was in the least discomposed, and the whole audience after the *moral* and *sublime* example before them, seemed to enjoy the spectacle with unusual spirit and animation.

This melancholy lesson made little effect, for a very few days afterwards, the r-y-l f-m-ly repaired again to Covent Garden theatre, to receive *superlative delight* from the *varied* sprightliness of their favourite Quick, and from the *never fatiguing drollery* of Dr. Faustus†.

As the Countess is almost on every occasion a follower of the court, it may be presumed

* Nothing can more perfectly illustrate the character of the present times, than the unparalleled and shocking event here alluded to, when sixteen respectable individuals, all English, hurried into eternity, through an eagerness to gain admission at the theatre was not held of consequence sufficient to interrupt the play of the evening : whereas when news arrived of the King of France having suffered death, to which he had been condemned by the laws of his country, all the theatres were shut up, and a general mourning ordered. Britons reflect.

† The above *interesting* and *comical* pantomime was repeated no less than six times by their M-j-ty's command.

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that she was present at the Hay-market on this fatal evening, but we have not heard that there was any fainting or excessive sensibility displayed, although we have seen dozens of *tender hearted* females carried lifeless from a playhouse, unable to resist the imaginary woes of a Belvidera or Calista.

We have already noticed the *ruling* propensities in the *Countesses good little man*. They certainly engage much of his time, but are not sufficiently powerful to engross all his vacant hours.

The temple of V-n-us in Berkley-street often acknowledges him a *votary*, where he *bends* before the goddesses shrine, and the HIGH PRIESTESS herself* sometimes joins in *mutual sacrifice* to render their *devotions* complete.

His Lordship formerly was very susceptible of the tender passions. Many years ago at Scarborough he was deeply smitten by an arrow shot from the eyes of a celebrated female in those days, of *fanculottes* extraction†, but
who

* M-th-r W-ft-n.

† This lady is the once renowned N-c-y P-f-ns, whose origin we cannot trace, but who was educated in the *hospitable kitchen* of the *famous m-ther W-lch* in C-ve-nd Row. Here, she became acquainted with
dukes

who has often laid the proudest Aristocracy flat. To her he offered his hand, his heart, and we are partly ignorant, why they were unaccepted: but there is reason to suppose that his Lordship's friends fearful lest his noble blood should be debased by such an alliance, hurried him away to London, where

dukes and lords, who occasionally descend into those subterraneous regions in quest of beauty. Here, the fair and fortunate Nancy was discovered, and soon availing herself of the discovery, she was exalted from the kitchen to the parlour, where she improved her acquaintance with many great persons, till at length she became the declared mistress of a prime minister and duke, with whom she remained several years, during the plenitude of that minister's power; after which she was transferred from his Grace of G-t-n, to his Grace of D-t, with whom she made the *grand tour* of Europe, and perfected herself in all the accomplishments to be acquired by foreign travel; and as merit accompanied by perseverance, seldom fails eventually to succeed, she at length *really* married a nobleman, has long adorned the lists of British noblesse under the title of V-sc-nt-ss M-yn-d, and is now received agreeably with her rank, at all the courts where she occasionally resides; although we are sorry to observe, that once meeting with our royal duchesses on their travels, they manifested certain qualms, which hurt her Ladyship's *delicate* feelings, and in some degree disturbed the harmony of her amiable temper.

the

the distractions of gaming and other fashionable orgies might eradicate the impression his heart had received; but this object was not wholly accomplished, till he met with the present Countess, whose charms then in their full meridian, at once effected the business, and effaced every vestige of the forsaken Nancy from his memory.

It is to be lamented that marriages which take place at a very early period, are seldom productive of any solid happiness. The union between this noble pair was celebrated and consummated at an age, when man is generally but little acquainted with himself, when he is apt to act rather from any immediate impulse of the moment, than from the result of serious reflection. Her Ladyship's object as well as that of her parents in this match was fortune; the heart it is to be imagined was little consulted; as amongst the great, interest is the grand principle of matrimonial alliance; nevertheless, Hymen has crowned their *endeavours* with a hopeful youth*, who himself before he had attained the age of twenty-one, unadmonished by example, took unto himself a wife†, who, if we are to judge from the

* Lord V-c-nt M-l-n-x. † Honourable Miss C-v-n.
virtues

virtues of her most serene Highness, her illustrious mother*, will do *honour* to his bed. May their union turn out happy, as it doubtless will be *prolific*. May her Ladyship prove gentler than her mother-in-law, at least as *chaste* and *virtuous* as her own *much honoured* parent; and may my Lord prove wiser, much wiser than his father!

* Her serene Highness the M-g-v-ne of A-p-ch, ci-devant Lady C—v—n.

LADY

LADY W-LL-CE.

COULD not all her arts, her eloquence prevail? Could not her *ripened* charms, her *full blown* beauty, her *eccentric virtues* raise one sympathetic sigh for *congenial* worth in the flinty bosom of inexorable ministers; not one pang of compassion for the unfortunate Hero of Jemappe? Alas! how fallen! fallen never to rise again, when such *bewitching softness*, such *fascinating graces*, united to all the *celestial* powers of persuasion, could not procure his pardon, or obtain an asylum for her once victorious *friend*, within the British dominions; although it were *proved* he had *never* sworn to plant the tree of liberty in St. James's park*; that he had *never* sworn to fix the *bonnet rouge* on the *sapient, venerable* head of our *venerable* monarch, and in spite of his own assertions, recorded in his CONSISTENT sublime manifestos, that he had *at no time* threatened to overrun Holland, to destroy

* Vide, the conduct of the King of Prussia to General Dumourier investigated by Lady W-ll-ce.

the Stadtholdership, and send away the Prince of Orange *on a visit* to his brother William at Berlin.—Although *my Lady* had *confirmed* her hero's *innocence* beyond all doubt, still he was arbitrarily ordered from hence ; banished like a *vagabond outcast traitor* ; driven to implore shelter amongst strangers, who despised, and thence exposed to the bitterest outrages from his own emigrant countrymen, who execrated and abhorred him.

Her Ladyship's zeal and gratitude in the present instance cannot be too highly applauded. She had received the most *potent* proofs of the hero's attachment. She had been *wisely* selected as the depository of all his secrets during the prosperous campaign in Flanders ; his *amiable, trusty confidante*, who, disclaiming as she herself assures us, all other sentiments than those of *purest platonism*, confined all her knowledge, all the information she had received within her own *capacious* faithful bosom ;—thus establishing her claims to confidence and friendship.

Whoever has read *her Ladyship's* pamphlet, must be delighted by the genuine unaffected simplicity, with which she recounts the *wonderful* power that she held over the *ci-devant*

S conqueror

conqueror of Flanders,—the universal envy she thence excited, and the suspicions that were affected to be entertained concerning her by the other French generals, especially by the late general Morton, who nevertheless, as a *particular mark of just distinction*, had appointed the Archduchess's box at the play-house, to be always prepared for her Ladyship and her party*.

Our *heroine* has ever shewn a partiality for *great* men of all descriptions. The General although diminutive in size, was great in talents, great in warlike achievements, and on this virtuous basis, her admiration of the conqueror of Belgia was founded; *pure platonic friendship*. The abbé de St. F—re, half brother to the ill-fated Egalité, who lately died under the axe of the guillotine, has also long shared a distinguished place in her affections; but the abbé's *greatness* was of a contrary nature; he was quite deficient in mental accomplishments, but *gigantic* in stature, vigorous in *corporeal exercises*, and thus, her attachment to these *illustrious personages* bore a different character; her regard for the latter being

* Vide, her Ladyship's pamphlet to which we have already alluded.

not *purely platonic*, as the following anecdote will *partly* demonstrate.

Soon after the first revolution in France, *curiosity* led her ladyship to Paris, when being a person of very active, and rather of and *intriguing* mind, she interested herself so anxiously in the politics of the country, and was occasionally so unguarded in her conduct, that she attracted the attention of M. de la Fayette, who was then commandant of the national guard. At this time, she became acquainted with the Abbé, who now seems to have fixed his residence in our *highly favoured and happy kingdom*; *wisely* preferring the *mildness* of a British monarchy, as illustrated in the *just* and *merciful* sentences *executed* on Messrs. Muir, Skirving, Margarot, Palmer, &c. &c. to the anarchy of a people struggling against unheard of difficulties, against treasons innumerable, foreign and domestic, and wading through scenes of blood, to establish the *stupid, inglorious* system of FREEDOM, EQUALITY, and PEACE.

After his *preliminary* introduction, the *reverend divine* was my Lady's constant guest;—the first person present at her levee; the last at her couchée, and the intimacy announced every

prospect of *perfect happiness*; but vain and uncertain are all human plans of felicity, however wisely or prudently conceived.

Her Ladyship's political connections, as we have already observed, had exposed her to the suspicions of the commandant of Paris, who through an affected pretence of duty, at the dead hour of night, when almost every eye was closed, except such as *Love, almighty Love* kept watching, sent off one of his aiddecamps, followed by a party of the national guard, with positive orders to make the strictest search in the apartments of our *fair Caledonian*. In consequence of this order, the doors were forced in an instant, leaving *my Lady* scarce time to make the smallest *necessary* arrangement. The aiddecamp entered, and discovered his trembling victim, we cannot say in *virgin* sheets, but in a superb Parisian bed, decorated with costly looking glasses, *dished neatly up*, so as to offer a voluptuous temptation to the most *squeamish* appetite. The son of Mars no ways agitated by the *delicious* spectacle before him, was only mindful of his order, which he bluntly communicated; and then, without further ceremony, commenced his search. It were impossible to describe what passed in her

Lady-

Ladyship's bosom during this *critical* and *tremendous* interval: under such *terror*, *conscious innocence* could have alone supported her. Every hole, every corner was explored with most scrutinizing *malice*. Nothing that could justify the slightest suspicion of criminality could be found, till at length a *petit* cabinet contiguous to *my Lady's garde robe* was opened, when lo! appeared the poor *palpitating* Abbé, perishing with cold, (for it was in the depth of winter), who presented a *nudity* to the *astonished* soldiers.

Here, however, the national gallantry of a Frenchman shone forth conspicuous. The Aiddecamp immediately ordered off his party, and apologizing to the affrighted female for the execution of his commission, retired; leaving the l-v-rs to recover their spirits, and pursue their——*lucubrations* without further interruption*.

The above circumstance exciting a considerable eclat in Paris, and it being particu-

* The above *unlucky* incident may be depended on as matter of fact, as it was communicated to the author by the officer himself, who was employed on that unpleasant duty.

larly disagreeable to be marked out as an object of suspicion, she procured a passport, and once more revisited our *prosperous** little island, where her conduct, with a few exceptions, to which the frailty of imperfect mortals is subject, yields a model well *worthy of female emulation*.

The *perfections* of Lady W-l-ce are indeed unlimited. Her ladyship yields *exquisite delight*, whenever she takes any thing in hand. In every species of literature she *excels*, although not equally fortunate in all, “for envy will “merit as its shade pursue.” But if there be

* The boasted *prosperity* of England may be easily conceived from the following accurate calculation, on which the reader may depend. There are this very day (12th of February, 1794,) 27,000 prisoners confined for debt in his Majesty’s different gaols throughout this island; and in the year 1793, four million eight hundred thousand pound sterling was found an inadequate provision for our national poor, notwithstanding the prodigious number of starved objects to be seen in every part of this metropolis and its environs. If however, the country be really so prosperous, as we are forever told it is; does it not reflect everlasting infamy on the higher orders of the nation, that the sum of poverty existing therein should exceed the utmost stretch of human credibility?

any

any particular branch of it wherein she displays more excellence than in another, it is unanimously allowed to be ROMANCE. There she baffles all emulation. In her dramatic compositions to be sure, she has been more unfortunate. Her *comedy* from which such sanguine expectations were raised, met with a most *tragic* end*. Notwithstanding her own *personal* influence, her *just* popularity, and the extensive interest of her most noble sister†, the play was irrevocably and *unmercifully* damned. Greatminds however, rise above misfortunes, and the author undismayed by the *damnation* of her *favourite piece*, still persisted to *cultivate* her *extraordinary* literary talents. Nevertheless, letters do not wholly engross her *vast* *comprehensive* genius.

Pleasure and business of a worldly nature, at times break in on her literary occupations.

* Mr. Sheridan's *wicked* critique on Mr. Cumberland's tragedy, the Battle of Hastings, "that it had produced quite a contrary effect from what was intended, provoking laughter instead of tears," has by some *wicked* wits been in part applied to our author's comedy; insinuating, "that instead of exhilarating, it lulled the audience to sleep.

† The Duchess of Gordon.

It

It is no less prudent than just, that *ladies*, not in the most affluent circumstances, should strive by all possible means to improve them*. Her Ladyship actuated by this laudable impulse, laid out her *little* property in buying an annuity, which not being punctually paid, owing to the state of adversity into which the borrower and his family had fallen, patience was not proof against disappointment.—Our *unfortunate* Author could ill support the idea of being equally *unfortunate* in her pecuniary undertakings, she therefore immediately entered up the judgement, and attended by a *catchpole*, set off for the debtor's apartments in order to seize the effects. The defendant's wife had not long been brought to bed, and the scene of distress which presented itself, touched the Bailiff's *tender feelings*, and he wished to shew indulgence, but *my lady* scorned to yield; *her feelings* were not so easily affected. She *insisted* on more goods, attended in person, and peremptorily demanded dia-

* L-dy W-ll-ce in *virtue* of her being sister to the Duchess of G—d-n, enjoys a pension of 300l. per ann, which this *happy* country is *happy* to pay as a very inadequate reward for those *distinguished family virtues* she is known to inherit.

monds and other articles of dress, which she had formerly noticed, when her victims enjoyed prosperity.—The Sheriff's officer however, could not be prevailed on to proceed, and thus, the humanity of a Bailiff triumphed over the justice of a *fine lady*, the *sister of a duchess*.—The consequence of this affair has been a literary warfare between the parties, in which her Ladyship is said to have been worsted; and a lawsuit is now depending between them. We are acquainted with the *justice* and *humanity* that preside in Westminster hall, therefore cannot doubt but this great female character will there find redress of her grievances, and a happy issue out of all her troubles. If any thing could make us entertain one doubt of her Ladyship's success in the final issue of the lawsuit, it would be the invariable respect and indulgence shewn on all occasions to the *Catchpole fraternity*. There certainly exists a fellow feeling between *my Lords* and the *Janissaries*, and instances are very rare indeed when the latter have suffered in any appeal at W—r H—l. On the other side, Lady W—'s rank and great connections ought to bear due sway.

T

LADY

LADY LUC-N.

“Some persons are born *great*; others atchieve *greatness*.” Her Ladyship’s *greatness* is all her own achievement.—To birth she is little indebted. Daughter of a stocking weaver at Nottingham; her rank and dignity are derived from her *present lord*, who at the time of her nuptials, was only a *simple baronet*; but superior merits like his, could not long escape the observation of a Sovereign, who *alone* has power to reward those merits; as well as sagacity to discover them; and hence, the baronet was soon ennobled by an Irish peerage, and my Lady *dubbed* a peeress.

Nothing is said to give a brighter polish to *English breeding*, than *foreign travel*, and so, this happy pair soon after their marriage, went abroad to make the GRAND TOUR. They visited all the great cities, all the chief courts on the continent, and on their return, *my Lady* was the very quintessence of Aristocracy. The *rust* entirely wiped off. Her fibres are now so exquisitely *spun*; her sensations so delicately acite, that the slightest accident terrifies

terrifies her out of her *little wits*. She faints at the approach of a *mouse*; if surprised by the sight of a *black lobster*, she screams *unmercifully*, and over the *fiction*s of woe, she will shed innumerable tears; while she can behold with more than stoical composure, with frozen apathy, the deepest scenes of *real distress*. *My Lady* has another quality, certainly not very rare in her sex, but which she possesses in a superlative degree—volubility of speech; nevertheless, although her tongue be in eternal motion, it expresses very little. Her questions indeed are curious and often intricate, for she will ask, what it is impossible to answer.

No company can be more select than that which her Ladyship selects at her *roués*, (the court phrase runs otherwise,) her assemblies. No persons are there admitted, except *the very best company*, and literary or theatrical characters of the first celebrity. In their favor, some exceptions are admitted. Mrs. Siddons was once thought worthy of this distinction, and *our noble phœnix of literature* tried her by the usual ordeal. *My Lady* was anxious to know, whether in studying her dramatic characters, she paid most attention to the *foundation* or the *superstructure* of them. The ques-

tion was embarrassing, and the actress remained in suspense—whether most to admire the singularity, or the profound erudition of her *learned patroness* who proposed it.

In her ladyship's character we have still another *rare negative virtue* to admire. No fashionable infidelity is here to be traced. My lord is an *able powerful* Man, of true *Hibernian breed*, he performs his duty, *comme il faut*, and his *noble rib* never yet betrayed a propensity to change. Their constancy is rewarded.—Hymen has crowned their joys with a beautiful offspring, of her *own conception*; one of whom has united herself in marriage with a rich and Right Honourable Alarmist*, who agrees “that it would be better to concenter *all* the prerogatives and despotisms of *all* the sovereigns of Europe in the crown of Great Britain, than that a single *bonnet rouge* should be seen in the streets of London.” How happy must L-dy L-c-n be in a son-in-law, inheriting such congenial sentiments, and who is *really* to be classed in the *highest* order of *noblesse*; a description of men, her lady-

* Earl S—nc-r. Mr. P-w-is, a lunatic member of parliament, in his L-df-p's interest, who represents the country of N-t—m, made use of the expression we have quoted, in the House of Commons.

ship so extravagantly admires. But whence is it that these great landholders, these susceptible *alarmists* are less apprehensive of those ill consequences that may ensue from an increase of the r-y-l prerogative, than they appear to be from the mischiefs that must result from the destruction of popular rights?

Are the principles of French Jacobins more obnoxious to freedom and humanity, than the sanguinary system of Th-r-nes, which has for so *many, many* ages impoverished Europe by taxes, and drowned it with blood? Can his lordship's *noble* heart be more feelingly alive to any *ideal* danger which he may *conceive* to threaten his English or his Irish acres, in case the French were to establish their Republic, than it is, or ought to be, to those *real* hostilities, which he now beholds, desperately pointed against the few remaining liberties of his country? Are these the *whiggish* virtues we have been taught to revere? Are these the patriots, to whom England was to look up for salvation; who in the critical hour when the glorious work might be atchieved, have deserted from the god-like cause, and joined the
standard

standard of the common enemy;—the enemy of the human race*.

Her ladyship will pardon this short digression in *honour* of her Right *Honourable* son-in-law. We are sensible that her own manifold perfections yield abundant scope for a writer's panegyric, but as it transcends our powers to render unto her, that strict justice which she deserves, we shall pursue the task no further. My lady finds a far brighter reward than our suffrage, in the *grateful offerings* of her amiable and noble consort. The peer long as he has been in the service, does not fail to *perform his duty*; and after so many revolving years passed over their venerable heads, they still continue to hold forth a rare example (like the r-y-l pair) of conjugal felicity, to all the aristocratic corps. We shall therefore conclude, with expressing our zealous wish, as the most *exquisite delight my Lady is now ca-*

* Mr. P-tt has been voted an enemy to the human race by the National Convention of France.—Time is to disclose whether ALL THE PEOPLE of Europe will not concur in the decree. There is a prisoner in Newgate generally known as the *monster*. The author is acquainted with a man, to whom the name would be ten thousand times more appropriate.

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pable of enjoying, that *my Lord* may speedily be created a *Duke*, when *her Ladyship* will consequently become a *Duchess*, and then, we trust, she will keep off the swinish multitude at a greater distance than ever, and hold in still more sovereign contempt, her own plebeian origin.——We humbly recommend this noble pair to his Majesty's most gracious consideration, as deserving to be advanced to the highest rank of nobility,

MRS.

MRS. C-GHL-N.

WE have not the least acquaintance with this lady, therefore are ignorant how far her *rank* intitles her to be admitted into that society of Grandees, who compose the Female Jockey Club; but as literary merit in the opinion of Lady Lucan, our supreme arbiter of Etiquette, forms an exception to the general rule, and yields a right of admission into the *grandest* circles, we have not hesitated to introduce her; and he will venture boldly to pronounce, if her soul *really* breath the sentiments contained in the memoirs she has published, that she possesses TITLES, far superior to any, which all the kings in the world have it in their power to bestow; although at the same time, we are ready to confess, that it is not by promulgating similar doctrines, she is to expect that his Majesty will ever make a LADY of her; nor do we believe that they will procure her a passport to the favor and protection she appears so very much to want. We therefore recommend patience under present *adversity*, and sincerely wish a speedy period to all her afflictions.

VISCOUNTESS

VISCOUNTESS D—L—Y and W—D.

“ Une belle femme, qui a les qualités d’un honnête
 “ homme, est ce qu’il y’ a au monde d’un com-
 “ merce délicieux, l’on trouve en elle tout le mérite
 “ des deux sexes.”

VAGUE, indiscriminate satire is odious in the extreme, and misapplied in one instance tends to destroy the effect which it ought to produce in others, when justly and honestly directed.

Flattery we detest ; but that heart must be of a malignant cast indeed, which does not feel a gratification in yielding the tribute of praise when conscious that it is deserved. In the pictures we have drawn, it has been our unvaried object to preserve as perfect as possible, the likenesses of the originals, and never to transgress the bounds of probability and truth ; not afraid to censure, but far more happy to commend.

In the person now before us, whose amiable disposition and exemplary virtues would force applause even from Zoilus himself, we present a model of imitation to her sex. In her we

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discover neither the pride, vanity, ostentation, or apathy, so remarkable for the most part in those of her condition and rank of life. Simple, unaffected, modest, charitable, the patroness of merit, the liberal friend, the constant succour of poverty and misfortune.

United by marriage with a man who partakes in all her sympathies, who possesses all her virtues, which shine the brighter from his endeavours to conceal them, she nobly strives both by advice and example, to animate his zeal in the much injured and insulted cause of humanity.

In possession of a princely fortune, unlike his *compeers*, he betrays no anxiety to increase it, by preying on the exhausted vitals of his country;—without place or pension, deriving no emolument whatever from the crown, at the expence of a sorely oppressed and beggared people; too independent to solicit favours, he still uniformly supports our *heaven-born* minister's *miraculous* administration. When a man lends his sanction to any erroneous and destructive system, it is fair to investigate his motives. The line of life pursued by this nobleman leaves no room to doubt the integrity of his views, we must therefore

therefore in candour conclude, however glaring or unfortunate the error under which he labours, that he acts from principle. Nevertheless the varied spectacles of human wretchedness by which his country residence is surrounded, an ocular experience of the many thousands in his neighbourhood*, who once enjoyed the sweets of plenty, and who are now groaning under the heaviest pressure

* During the present winter, 1793—94, in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton, Lord and Lady D-dl-y contributed all in their power to repair those deadly ravages which the Minister's war had made : by their bounty above 1400 persons, reduced from plenty to beggary, were provided constantly with food and raiment, who must otherwise inevitably have perished. This charity emanated from their own private fortune. We are ignorant of one similar example to be found amongst placemen, pensioners, and all the vermin of the court, who rob their country of prodigious sums, while the majority of the people are plunged in bankruptcy and misery ; while the number of poor exceed all credibility, and while our prisons overflow with debtors and convicts. Such, however, are the *generous patriots*, who, filling their purses at the expence of the swinish multitude, *disinterestedly* vociferate the unrivalled excellencies of our glorious constitution, which they always tells us, is the envy and admiration of the world. Indeed they must be right, for, agreeably with the old proverb, " the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

of extreme poverty, all their resources cut off, no reward or encouragement to industry left, their manufactories ruined, and their families starved. Such horrors might be supposed to have awakened his lordship from his dream; and to have exasperated him against that *heaven-born Minister*, now denounced by millions of his unhappy fellow creatures, as the *minister of wrath*, who by having precipitated the nation into the present desperate and eventful war, has brought this ruin on, and reduced it to a condition that forbodes the actual dissolution of the monarchy, aristocracy, and all the privileged orders which exist in the state. But this error is by no means peculiar to Lord D-dl-y. The vast majority of opulent muckworms, and noble landholders, the high-fed bankers, the luxurious merchants, and all the moneyed interest in this country, are infatuated by the same unaccountable bigotry:—fear has bewildered their senses; instead of bringing *him* to condign punishment for having brought their darling titles and adored property, their villas, parks, superb hotels, and magnificent castles into this state of jeopardy, they lose sight of *his v—s*, and fix all their attention on the *downfal* of their
brethren

brèthren in France. Surrounded by danger real or imaginary, man is apt in those moments to lose all presence of mind, and to judge through the falsest medium; else it would be perceived, that a wise or honest politician, guided by no sinister influence, might have steered clear of the present eventful contest; instead of subsidizing all the powers of Europe, and rendering this country a *milch-cow* to them all; by preserving an unequivocal, strict neutrality, or indeed by an open ingenuous conduct, the minister of Great Britain in the beginning, had it in his power to preserve the general peace: a Great Man might have laid a pillar of everlasting concord;—by his oblique, crooked, jesuitical evasions in the first instance, and by his subsequent violence and desperation, he has shaken all the monarchies of Europe to their centre; and should they (which *Heaven forbid*) be crushed in one wreck, all the privileged orders, all settled church establishments must fall with them: but all these horrors accumulated on the head of one man and his minions, seem to be forgotten, and the whole collected vengeance of the persons we have described, turned from its true direction, is levelled in the

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most fruitless, destructive, and barbarous projects against the existing powers of France. It will however be proved in the end, that they bite against a file.

To return from our digression, the fair subject of this article has extraordinary reasons to curse the authors of the war. A favourite brother*, under the command of our *Dunkirk Hero*; a gentleman whose principles were avowedly hostile to the cause, but whose prejudices bore too powerful sway, and prevented him from giving in his resignation, was sent by his royal commander on a most dangerous and fatal expedition, and killed at the head of his grenadier company, fighting against the liberties of France; while his generous breast was at the same moment glowing with ardour and enthusiasm in prayers for their success. Such is the stupid infatuation of military pride. A soldier is taught to believe that he is bound to undertake any service at the direction of his commander, however repugnant to virtue, religion, or morality, or contrary to his opinions, and the pure dictates of his own conscience.

The loss of this amiable man, this victim to a cruel prejudice, has pressed most heavily

* Col. B-fv-llc.

on a sister's sensibility. Since his death, her usual flow of spirits has entirely forsaken her; no longer does she now grace that sphere of conviviality, in which she formerly shone the brightest star; a sullen melancholy has seized her.—Disease preys upon her frame, and another valuable life may be thus added to the unnumbered register of mortality.—The ways of Providence are dark and intricate; after leading us through the most dangerous labyrinths, often accomplishing our felicity, at a moment when we had given up all for lost, and conceived ourselves on the brink of final destruction. Let us venture to hope that this valuable woman may not so early be ravished from a world that she would fain improve by her example, and to which she is so eminently useful by her charities. The loss would be severely felt by the public, from the scarcity of similar characters, and the private loss to her worthy husband, who married her on the purest principles of affection, at the risque of incurring the indignation of an ignorant and violent mother, bigotted to all the vile, selfish prejudices of aristocracy and wealth, on whom he had the greatest dependence for the inheritance of a splendid fortune at her death, would be irretrievable.

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As he had the spirit to pursue the involuntary dictates of his heart, in preference to the miserable sordid impulse of interest, may he long continue to enjoy the blessed fruits of an union, which has till now afforded uninterrupted happiness, and may a speedy and perfect recovery of her ladyship's health soon dissipate those apprehensions and anxieties, that have of late, cast a dismal gloom over this respectable and humane family.

The affection which the author feels for L—d D—l-y, is grounded in the indelible principles of fervent gratitude. He is happy in an opportunity of publicly avowing the obligations he has received at his hands; and impressed with those sentiments, he can never sufficiently lament that a man so distinguished for his private virtues, should persist in his public capacity, to support the government of a minister, who has apostatized from every principle on which he was elevated to power, and who from every appearance of things, seems as if he were born expressly to accomplish the ruin of his country, or else, by the darkest ways, invisible to himself, to produce its regeneration.

VISCOUNTESS H-MPD-N.

" The languid Lady next appears in state,
 " Who was not born to carry her own weight.
 " O listen with attention most profound !
 " Her voice is but the shadow of a sound ;
 " The motion of her lips and meaning eye,
 " Piece out th' idea, her faint words deny.
 " And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,
 " One hand scarce lifts the other to her head."

THE whole animal system most certainly depends on the *brain*, therefore her Ladyship's excessive *imbecility* ought not to create surprise. For almost thirty years, she has pursued without interruption the same round of languor, ennui, and insipidity ; and if a diary of her life had been preserved during the above period, were she capable of reflection or sentiment, we might ask her, if it displayed a single instance, which she could now bring forth, productive of satisfaction to herself, or that might be pronounced beneficial to the real interest or happiness of society ? Cards and concerts, plays and operas, balls and assemblies, in the *old genuine style*, true characteristics of *English gaiety*, and of the national taste for similar *elegancies*, have been the magnet

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that has drawn all *my Lady's susceptibilities* within one focus. But when we speak of *susceptibility*, no sarcasm or inuendo is designed, for it must be observed, that her *tender passions* are sufficiently guarded against every foreign attack, by the *superlative prowess* of *my Lord*, who suffers no man to invade *his premises* with impunity; although music has charms to sooth a savage breast, and from the innumerable host of fiddlers, *sopranos*, and musicians of all descriptions, that surround his dwelling, and who alone find an *hospitable* asylum there, danger and *dishonour* might be otherwise apprehended. The trumpet animates the courage of the warrior; the echoing horn calls forth the sportsman to the field; and other *instruments* have been known to awaken liveliest emotions in the most torpid female bosom; yet the noble Peer, independent of his own *powers*, has another security against similar disasters. *His Lady*, like the *sensitive plant*, shrinks from the *touch*, and the near approach of a *masculine monster*, her *dear Lord* excepted, would shiver her delicate frame to atoms, beyond the efficacy of salvolatile, valerian, or the whole *materia medica* to restore. Indeed, it seems astonishing, how such a hectic, consumptive

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tive habit, as year after year she has exhibited to a ruthless, unpitying herd of vain coxcombs and senseless profligates, could have so long withstood the putrid stench of crowded rooms, frequented by the motley corrupted groupe there to be found.

Nevertheless, her Ladyship (all her friends declare) is the *best sort of woman in the world*, for ever ready to form *agreeable parties*, and although no person can presume to say that she is *gay* herself, yet the whole *beau monde* must allow, that she eternally encourages *gaiety* in others. Dying under the *fatigue*, the pleasant, *unvaried* amusements of Ranelagh continue to afford an eternal *round of innocent* delight; nor to oblige *particular* friends, provided the *party* be really a *good one, comme il faut*, will she deny her services to a distressed damsel, or hesitate to expose her delicate constitution, as an *accommodating chaperon*, to the damps of Vauxhall; but these are sacrifices not often repeated.

The card table, when music, *heavenly* music, is wanting, appears her sovereign delight; and if the exertion of spirits there required, be almost too much for her strength to support, yet the charming hope of success sustains her

under the *intolerable perseverance* required at a pool of commerce, and be but fortune propitious, the fickle goddess, then *does* produce a *transitory* gleam of contentment, on the Peereſſes decayed and forbidding aspect. What are the miracles that fortune cannot atchieve? She can make the old young, give beauty to deformity, and reflect the luſtre of virtue on the hideouſneſs of vice. Is it then to be wondered, that a *British lady of faſhion*, ſhould court the favours of ſuch a divinity?

It has been already announced, that *my Lord H-mpd-n* is a man of *proweſs*, of *might* and *vigour*; nevertheless, Hymen owing to ſome ſecret cauſe, has been unproductive; perhaps owing to *over-ſcrupulous refinement*, on the part of *my Lady*; eſe, from ſuch a ſtock, what progeny might have been expected! The mother of the Gracchi would have been eclipsed, and young H-mpd-ns born in the eighteenth century, would have revived the ancient ſplendor of the name, and given additional renown to the glorious exploits of his Lordſhip's immortal anceſtor. But the H-mpd-n of the laſt century indulged democratic principles, quite uncongenial with thoſe of our modern H-mpd-n.

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The present nobleman, accustomed in his youth, to travel in foreign countries, where he formed his *respectable fiddling* connections, has been ever since pointed out, as the *fiddle faddle* of the day, and hence, his character is as well adapted to the society he frequents, as that of his ancestor was, to the turbulent revolutionary age in which he lived. In this particular, it would be cruel to withhold praise from his Lordship, for surely, it is a mark of wisdom to accommodate ourselves to the *times*, and it would be as unreasonable for us now in Britain, to expect the qualities of a Pym or a Hampden in a modern Peer, as it would be absurd, to look for the *rugged, obsolete* virtues of a Portia or Cornelia, in our noble Peerefs.

In fact, nothing can be more opposite than such characters. On which side the scale of virtue inclines, the reader may decide; for our part, we will draw no comparison between a *Roman matron* and a *British wife*, nor will we raise emotions of contempt and derision by further naming the parasite of a court, the eternal associate of fiddlers, with the intrepid foes of prerogative, the sacred martyrs of freedom, and the rights of man!

Gracious

Gracious accommodation, uniform complacency, tacit acquiescence in courtly doctrines, and a violent antipathy to every thing which has a tendency to call in question the policy or justice of exclusive privileges, or to increase the rights and happiness of the people, are the true characteristics of our modern nobility, and on this ground, L—d and L—dy H—mpd—n stand immoveable, yielding to none. Here, the Peerefs forgets her sickness and infirmities, lays aside her constitutional languor, and supports the cause, if possible, with more spirit, than either virtue or ability.

Party once opened a field to the Peer's generous, disinterested expectations, and during Mr. Fox's administration, his Lordship's eloquent delivery and graceful deportment, pointed him out to that *discerning statesman*, as a person duly qualified to move for a *grateful* address to his Majesty, on the meeting of Parliament; but the difficulty of learning his speech *by heart*, proved an insuperable barrier to his ambition; therefore, the *honour* was transferred to another *nobleman*, who enjoyed a *happier* and more retentive memory. When politics begun to wear the serious aspect, they have since assumed, the Peer deserted from the
banner

banner of his leader; his passions were then roused, conceiving his *interest* to be endangered, and the Viscountess actuated by the same *virtuous* sympathies, with all the spirit she could muster up, fanned the flame.

As a *patroness* of *musical science*, a veteran Directress of the TON, and as a lady remarkable for her aristocratic predilections, justice has been rendered to her deserts; candour must also allow an *extraordinary* degree of merit to one, against whose *chastity*, even in this licentious age, scandal has not ventured to insinuate the slightest reflection. Her nervous fabrick would have been shaken to its very centre, at the *rude unhallowed* sound of *amorous* proposition, from any but her much loved Lord, whose *warm* constitution, it may be supposed, often led him to the CHARGE, and the *generous ardour still continues* to glow in his veins, if we may judge from the diligence, which on the bitterest day in winter, we have seen him employ at his *hospitable* mansion in G—ge-street, raking out the coals, when the footman, calculating his master's *feelings* by his own, had too much loaded the fire, thereby *cooling* and *refreshing* himself; at the same time, that he *starved* the rest
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of the company, chiefly consisting of poor foreign musicians, not inured to our cold northern clime, who sat freezing at a distance, wrapt up in *admiring* and *awful* silence.

Some persons have imputed these *minutiae* to a *laudable spirit of æconomy*, but from my L—d's *sanguine, plethoric* appearance, we hold the reason before mentioned, far more probable.

Another praise belonging to our Right Honourable dame, must not be omitted. Too delicately framed to endure the boisterous roughness of a *genuine Briton*, no such visitor is admitted within her doors : but when a youth returns from travel, a polished *dilettanti*, a musical *cognoscenti*, her Ladyship by infusing a few grains of her *native* languor and ennui, yields an admirable *finish* to his education. The most noble the D-ke of M--t--se, and his *highly respected* friend Mr. Daniel H—les*, who after having long run the guantlet of *purgatory* in this metropolis, escaped from bailiffs, attorneys, and the innumerable tremendous host of legal tyrants, through his Grace's influence, now shines the brightest ornament of diplomatic science, *deep* in the secrets and cabals of courts—These

* His Britannic Majesty's Envoy at the court of W-f-w. determined,

determined, *disinterested*, *independent*, champions of aristocratic privileges, of royal prerogative, on their return from Italy, received the *finish* to their education, under her Ladyship's tuition; and hence we are less surprised at the *distinguished* éclat with which they now both shine at the respective courts, where *providence* has wisely cast them, for the *benefit* and *example* of mankind.

When we contemplate the persons who enjoy the greatest share of Princes' favors, and who are most intrusted with their confidence, at the same time that we admire the wisdom and discernment of the latter, we are *justified* in a belief, that the system which they so zealously maintain, *can never die*;—at least to use an *immortal* phrase,—“*that it will survive these thousand years* ;” what signify the blunt opinions, the unwarped integrity, or perspicuous orations of a Stanhope? Ministers and courtiers will not deign to *answer* him; they adopt a far *easier* and more *agreeable* method;—they hold him forth as a *Madman*; and when he defeats them with their own weapons, proving their *darling* constitution, for which they affect such veneration and enthusiasm, eternally violated by
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themselves, they get rid of his argument, by a sycophant sneer of derision, or by the insolent clamour of over-bearing numbers, and the true patriot has the satisfaction to be left in the most respectable minority we recollect to have ever *divided* in the house of Peers; the *minority* consisting of HIMSELF ALONE*. But when a noble placeman, a D-ke of M—t—se rises to deliver his *free, unbiassed*† sentiments, when in studied, polished periods, he conjures their Lordships to approve the mild, legal, constitutional punishments lately inflicted by the Court of Justiciary in his dear

* When Lord Stanhope brought forth a proposition respecting the sentences passed against Muir, Palmer, &c. &c. the *virtuous* opposition, jealous of a man's interference who was no PARTIZAN, abandoned the cause they were pledged to support, and did not vote on the question. The unhappy men, on this very day, April 12th 1794, lie on board a vessel, in order to be transported to Botany Bay; but a dead silence still prevails amongst their Lordships.

† It is almost needless to mention, that amongst many other *good* things which his Grace holds under the crown, he is also Master of the Horse; a most *honourable*, lucrative and *useful* appointment, exactly suited to his *taste*, yielding great profit, great splendor, and requiring no trouble, nor abilities.

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native country, on the Patriot martyrs to Mr. Pitt's system of *pure* representation;—when warmly approving the introduction of foreign troops into Britain, or a vast augmentation of our military establishment, without the sanction of parliament, he *consistently* maintains the *sacred inviolability* of our constitution, and imprecates all human and divine vengeance against the impious wretches, who would *innovate* or reform it; then, the House is wrapt in mute and awful attention, till his speech concluded, there bursts forth a thunder of applause, and the *Iopæans* of the senate, pursue our *most noble orator* to his seat.

What delight must L-dy H-mpd-n feel, if her languid bosom were susceptible of strong impressions, when she reflects on the *transcendant virtue and dignity* of this her *august élève*, when she beholds him *vis à vis* his r-y-l master, in the state coach; and how must her loyal bosom have been agitated, when she heard of *the wicked stone* levelled with democratic rage, by the *unanointed* hand of a *sanseculottes*, that broke a glass of the magnificent *car*, and threatened a fracture on the r-y-l scull, as he of late returned from the triumphal entry which he made, *under most*

auspicious omens, to the grand senate of the nation!

Let us join our prayers to those of her Ladyship, that no similar attempt may ever again endanger the life of a sovereign, who has wrought such *blessed miracles*, for the prosperity of his country; who watches with more jealousy, if not with equal vigilance, the LIBERTY of his *subjects*, than he would courageously resist, (if the loyalty of his liege P—l—m—t did not exempt him from all chance of being put to the proof), any encroachment on his own *just* and *limited* prerogative. May his priests and his nobles, his venerable law counsellors, the *trusty, faithful friends* and *guardians* of the constitution, be speedily and happily relieved from their terrors!

Things, (they tell us), cannot be better, pourquoi changer?" Why should they who feel they cannot be worse, have a voice on the subject? Surely, we who enjoy every thing, must be more infallible judges, than they who possess nothing, and it is perfectly humane and equitable, that the wretches who complain or remonstrate against this partial distribution, should meet condign punishment.

They

They who have got the power, have an undoubted right to keep it; nor can the bitterest distress, the most urgent, irresistible wants of poverty or misfortune, in their fellow creatures, authorize the *insolent* tone of remonstrance or complaint. A noble minded Peer*, possessing 60,000l. a year, with his viſtas, his parks, his palaces, and all the superfluities which this world can yield, is perfectly consistent, when he boasts the excellence of a system, which affords all those enjoyments to his *noble self*; while thousands and twenty thousands of his countrymen have not bread to eat, or a hovel to shelter them from the cold. Who then can dispute the impartial judgment of one so competent to decide, or refuse on his summons, to rally round the constitution, which he and his Right

* Earl F-tzw-ll-m is in possession of three most magnificent palaces, Wentworth castle, Yorkshire; Milton abbey, Northamptonshire; and Rockingham house, Grosvenor square, London; a species of monopoly that may vie with any thing we read of in those ages, when the feudal system flourished in primæval vigour. This noble alarmist so *disinterestedly in love* with our present *happy and glorious* constitution, gave *two hundred pounds* to the French refugee priests: it does not appear that he subscribed *six-pence* for the starved weavers in Spital-fields.

Honourable

Honourable colleagues forever tell us, is the envy and admiration of the world.

Who can deny the *justice, right*, or at least, the *policy* of trepanning soldiers, of pressing seamen to endure all the horrors of war for us, in a cause wherein they have no interest, or rather in a cause evidently against their interest; while we ourselves remain at home, reveling in luxuries, and riot, and for every disaster that befalls them, seem only more anxious to increase the sum of their calamity, and to swell the list of murders, while we thereby foresee a chance of securing our own places, pensions, and hereditary feudalities?

Such undoubtedly, are the prevailing sentiments of their *superiors* in respect to the *subordinate* classes. Such the practice. We only state the FACT: how fair and honourable such mode of reasoning and of acting may be, we undertake not to determine, but leave it altogether to the reader's cool and impartial decision, who may pronounce on the case, with more *safety*, than we can possibly do.—It is quite natural to praise the bridge that carries us safe over, but on the other hand, it is natural to find fault with that which has broken in, and from the wreck of which, we have only escaped

escaped in a mutilated wretched state, that makes life not worthy of possession.

We ask pardon for this digression, in favor of our *aristocratic* FRIENDS, and depend on indulgence, it being not wholly irrelevant from the *fair* subject of the present article, who is herself a most brilliant ornament of the Patrician corps, and who has a sovereign aversion for every thing, which SMELLS of the *odious, swinish multitude*.

It is now time for us to bid adieu to her Ladyship, wishing sincerely a restoration of her health, an everlasting continuance of *her Lord's* affections ; and that she may never suffer her constitutional languor, to interrupt the laudable pains, which she has hitherto bestowed, in cultivating, or more properly speaking, in finishing the *improvements* of our young national *noblesse*, on their return from *foreign parts*.

LADY

LADY EL-Z-B-TH L-TTR-L.

THE virtues of the L-ttr-l family are proverbial through Great Britain and Ireland, and are most justly intitled to the superior honours and rewards which they have received. Her Ladyship's father was *born* plain S-m-on L-ttr-l; but it would have been hard and *singular* indeed, if the extraordinary *purity* of his morals, and the *uniform excellence* of his general character had passed unnoticed, or if they had not advanced him to the *merited* and *appropriate* dignity of a peerage. Hence, he was first *created*—a *Baron*. *Baron* I-nh-m, and not long afterwards, by our most gracious Sovereign, *ever true to merit*, dubbed an *Earl*; Earl of C-rh-mpt-n, which *far famed* title, is now enjoyed by his eldest son and heir, (the once celebrated Colonel L-ttr-l,) who inherits likewise all the *noble qualities* of his ever beloved and lamented father.

The reader need not be told, that Lady El-z-b-th L-ttr-l is *own* sister to a Princess of the BLOOD, widow to an illustrious Prince*,

* The late D—e of C—b—l-nd.

who

who will long be remembered by every TRUE BRITON, for his *wisdom*, eccentricity, and all other *royal accomplishments*; and whose *equal*, out of his own family, we verily believe, he has not left behind him in his Majesty's dominions. By this marriage, she is likewise sister to our *pious* Monarch, to whom all his *Christian* subjects owe an eternal obligation for his truly *Christian* endeavours, to preserve their *souls*, at the expence of their *half starved bodies*, by the frequent *gratuitous* proclamation of fasts and penances, in expiation of their manifold sins.

It can never be sufficiently regretted, that an union so *happily* assorted, cemented by the *purest* sentiments of *reciprocal affection*, without the least regard to *pride*, *vanity*, *interest* or *ambition on either side*; it cannot, I say, be enough deplored, that an union which announced such prosperous omens, should have turned out *barren*; for in the true legitimate offspring of a L-ttr-l and a G—, what *transcendant talents*, what *miraculous virtues* might not reasonably be expected; but, alas! Hymen denied to *fructify* their joys.

The *munificence* and *boundless hospitality* of the late D—e of C—b—l—nd brought on pecuniary embarrassments, which reduced

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him

him to the necessity, together with his *royal-rib*, of passing much of their time in foreign countries, and Lady El-z-b-th always travelled with them, under every possible recommendation of rank and *character*, as sister to the Count and Countess of D-bl-n, the feigned title, under which, agreeably with the *sacred* rules of etiquette, they were received abroad. The Duchess herself was *obliged* to *preserve* the dignity of her exalted station, but she most *condescendingly* allowed her sister to relax from *her* dignity, and to partake promiscuously in the *different* amusements of the *different* towns and countries, where they fixed their abode. In the rooms of Spa, her Ladyship was the *life* and *soul* of the place; the very *quintessence* of *English gaiety*, *polished manners*, and *elegant dissipation*. Morning and evening, her spirits were inexhaustible; the first, to attend the faro bank on its opening; the last, to leave it on its setting. With the *Bankers* and *Croupiers* shew as a *distinguished* favourite, contriving by the laudable punctuality observed in her payments, to maintain a most excellent credit amongst them, of which, she often generously availed herself, in behalf of her *princely* brother-in-law, when in consequence of a *bad*
run,

run, both his purse and his credit have been unfortunately exhausted.

Although partial to *faro*, and not averse to *rouge* and *noir**, she is equally *dextrous* at other games. In all *manual* performances, envy must allow her to be a *skilful adept*, not excelled by *Misses* P-g-t, W-ft, Jeff-ies, or any of our most experienced female *operators*; and for the *noble, manly* grace, with which she rattles a dice box, *my Lady* is not surpassed, even by the Colonel himself †.

It must excite surprise, that a person so fortunate in her connections, so remarkable for her various and *commanding* talents, admired as she has been on the Continent, *justly popular* as she is in her own country, should still remain in a state of celibacy; for her Ladyship, although now verging on fifty, has lost but little of her *original beauty*.

It would be a libel on her sensibility to suppose, at the period of maturity which she has

* Another fashionable game much played at Spa, and lately introduced into the fashionable assemblies in London.

† Colonel F-tzp-t-ck, a veteran, and most *determined* hazard player.

attained, that she never indulged herself for the privation of a *husband*, in the gratification of a *lover*. The passion of gaming, to be sure, sometimes keeps within due bounds, all other obtruding desires; but it is seldom able to gain an ascendant over the fiercer and more ardent passions of the soul.

Love, almighty love, when once it rages in a female bosom, can only be *tamed* by fruition; not that we mean either to flatter or to derogate from Lady El-z-b-th's *tender feelings*, who for any thing that falls within our *personal* knowledge, may vie in *chastity* with Lucretia herself. It must however, in candour be granted amongst the higher circles* to which her presence is in a manner exclusively confined, that *chastity* is not the characteristic, by which they are distinguished, and few persons are proof against the seduction of a *pleasing* example. Now indeed she is *forced* to keep up a degree of superior importance, adapted to her rank, that can admit of no *ignoble*, plebian suitors; but we remember,

* In speaking of the higher circles on this subject, the court is always excepted. From her Majesty, down to her first *Maid of Honor*, the *venerable Miss Mary T—y—n*, all equally immaculate.

before

before she was enobled by titles, or related to Kings, when *honest* Betsy L-ttr-l, that no one was a more bitter enemy to all prudery, and *squeamish* affectation; free and easy in her demeanour, and avowedly *partial* to those *agrémens*, which she kindly discovered in our sex, —Poor Tom H-dg-s, Colonel W-tf-n, *cum multis aliis*, long basked in the sunshine of her smiles; whether of a *tender* or *platonic* nature, that remains engraven as a *secret* on the tablets of her own memory.

There is a very old and trite, but a very apt saying, “that it is good to make hay while “the sun shines.” Much philosophy is certainly contained in this observation, and from the *excellent parts* which our *Right Honorable Lady* is said to possess, it were, as we have already hinted, indulging credulity rather too far, to imagine, that she altogether neglected to turn them to good account, or to enjoy those exquisite delights, of which youth is the delicious season. When the sun declines towards the horizon, its influence is on the wane; so when beauty has passed its meridian, adorers fall off; it is therefore *prudent*, more especially, when the object possesses no eminent share of beauty, to profit by the advice contained in
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the adage, "to make hay while the sun shines."

Policy requires that we should pay some respect to the current sentiments of the times; and I believe our fair readers will in general find the above doctrine perfectly agreeable with their own practice; nor at least, in the present instance, will they condemn us for want of *politeness* in opposing their opinions.

It has been already observed in the course of this volume, that our manners and notions are progressive with our years; constantly in a state of *revolution*; parties at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where the anticipated return at night in *the dark* with an admired Beau, in coach or vis à vis, keeps the susceptible female bosom on first entrance into the gay world, in a continual flutter; alternately wavering between fear and hope, while disappointment and success, equally agitate her whole frame. But when the charm of novelty is fled; when the ardour of youth is chilled by the freezing hand of Time; when admirers keep aloof, and vanity lacks her incense, then, necessity points out other succedaneums; nevertheless, a mind long habituated to tumult and dissipation, cannot forgo those distracted

tracted scenes, or find delight in the tranquil enjoyments of contemplation and retirement. *Persons of fashion*, in every stage of existence, must have their *fashionable* amusements, and gaming is too often the only substitute they discover, to supply the place of all the more amiable and softer passions, which languish and die, through the *ungrateful* neglect of our sex, that refuses any longer to fan their flame.

Courts are a *delightful* receptacle for old age; it is therefore unfortunate for herself, that Lady El-z-b-th's affectionate attachment to her *royal* sister, whom the severe etiquette of Buckingham-house and St. James's shuts out from the *presence*, should prevent her Ladyship from enjoying the happy asylum, which she would otherwise find under the roof of Majesty. Hence, disappointment may have driven her to adopt less eligible resources, in order to kill that time, which in the evening of life, without learning, science, taste, or philosophy, is apt to drag heavily along. C-mb-l-nd house too is shut up, and the faro bank, over which Lady El-z-b-th was wont to preside, either entirely annihilated, or removed to a more obscure corner of the town,
where

where persons of her *elevated* condition cannot often appear with *consistency* or *propriety*. We have heard that she now receives *select* visitors in her private apartments, and that all possible means in her power, are employed to make herself agreeable, especially to her *favourites*, for whose happiness she strives to forget her age, and to act again, the joys of voluptuous youth.

Madam de l'Enclos, when far more advanced in years than our heroine, still retained her charm of pleasing, and at the age of eighty, had her toilette crowded by young admirers; some of whom, we are told by her biographer, were passionately in love with her. Amongst others, a certain Abbé, in the bloom of life, most violently smitten by her attractions, ardently requested that she would yield to his desires, to which Ninon would not consent, till the end of a certain period which she accordingly fixed. He submitted to her decree, and waited with impatience till the time was expired, when he threw himself at her feet, and conjured her in the name of love, to keep the promise she had made. The abbé did not long solicit in vain; when transported with his
good

good fortune, he intreated her to say, why she had suffered him to languish so long; to which his beloved replied, "Alas, my dear Abbé, my tenderness suffered as much as yours, but it was the effect of a spark of vanity. I was desirous, for the novelty of the case, to wait till I had completed my eightieth year, which I did last night."

Here the sex have an admirable lesson for their conduct, when youth is passed, and beauty decayed. It was not so much on account of her personal charms, as on her mental perfections, that Madame de l'Enclos so long maintained her empire over mankind. She is said to have possessed a most charming wit, and the felicity of a truly amiable disposition. Without being a paragon of beauty, she commanded all the respect that is generally paid to it. The sweetness and equality of her temper, a probity sincere and natural, a resolute soul, and a heart as tender as it was faithful, procured her admirers, even to the last day of her life.

Alas! Britannia's daughters possess none of the qualities of a Ninon; our *antiquated* dames are formed of a far grosser clay; therefore it must not be expected that Lady El-z-b-th's

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latter days will be equally easy, pleasant, and honourable with those of Madame de l'Enclos. But if she wishes to avoid neglect and contempt, that her decline may be in some degree comfortable, it becomes her to banish pride and selfishness from her heart, and to strive to cultivate and embellish her *mind*, in proportion as her person becomes more odious and disgusting. There are few *Ninons*; but it is possible with care, to avoid degenerating into a *Gertrude* *. We fear, however, that it is rather too late in the day, to hope for *reformation*. At the age of fifty, the character is generally fixed for the remainder of life.

* The D-ch-fs of B-df—d.

COUNTRESS

COUNTESS _____

- " Our Matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 " Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives;
 " Who marry to be free, to range the more,
 " And wed one man, to _____ with a score."

TO plant horns on the front of a Peer, is deemed a *breach* of privilege both in England and Ireland; and provided the *base seducer* were a *plebeian*, would expose him to the danger of being brought on his knees to their Lordship's bar. Nevertheless, passion is not to be controuled by a dread of punishment, nor to be restrained by the terror of consequences; and hence, there exist such *phenomena* in nature, as CORNUATED LORDS. Perhaps in expatiating the wide field of humanity, we should discover amongst the *privileged orders*, more *excrescencies* of this kind, than in any other walk of life. It has never been held the virtue of nobility to cultivate domestic happiness; their minds are devoted to far more sublime pursuits. The sober drudgery of matrimonial employments must be intolerable to a man or

woman of fashion, educated in the true, genuine principles of aristocracy. To confine sensibility to one *thing*, and that *thing* a husband, would very ill become a woman of spirit, sprung from an *ennobled* and most *loyal* family. The Countesses *papa* is himself a mirror, through which we behold every *perfection*; an epitomé and abstract chronicle of all that is *characteristic, elegant, hospitable, and grand* in the higher regions of the fashionable world. To his *honor* be it spoken; as he advances in years, he recedes from *prejudice*, and utterly disdains that respect for vulgar opinion, which still bears some degree of sway, amongst the people at large.

The annual ball given by his Lordship at his superb hotel in Portland-place, is acknowledged by all the *ladies* who have ever been favoured with a ticket of admission, to be the most splendid fête:—a *gala*, which, for the *choice* selection of the company, and for the *sumptuous, profuse hospitality* of the noble host, deserves almost to be compared with those, which are celebrated twice a year, at the palace of St. James', in honour of their Majesty's birth days;—*equally choice* in admission of guests, may very properly be said;—the one
being

being open *only* to *ladies* of *public* *virtue*;— the other excluding those *ladies*, and open *only* to others more reserved in their deportment, more dignified by their birth, and whose *virtues* are of a more private and secret nature *.

Lady T—— is no less celebrated for *popular* qualities, than her *venerable* and *highly* *honoured* *parent*; and indeed, it would be surprising, if she had not profited from the education she received in her youth, under his immediate and constant direction; and from the lessons she afterwards received in her riper

* Lord D—— gives an annual ball and supper, from which all decency and modesty are banished; none but notorious prostitutes of the first celebrity, selected from the public and private brothels of *St. Mary-le-bone*, being admitted to the *honours* of the *fête*. His Lordship himself, assisted by a favourite *Dulcinea*, more immediately under his protection, presides over the entertainment, and *keeps it up* with all the spirit and vigour of youth, till eight or nine o'clock in the morning. It must be observed, to his *immortal* honor, that this *amiable* nobleman has passed his seventieth year; and in additional praise of our most gracious Sovereign, it ought to be remembered, L——d D—— is another Peer of his Majesty's *own* creation: so *wisely*, so *morally* does he discriminate in chusing *proper* and *meritorious* objects, on whom to confer his titles of *noblesse*.

years

years from a r-y-l tutor*, every way qualified to improve her in the rudiments of *moral virtue* and particularly of *conjugal fidelity*.

It has been urged however by some enthusiasts of Royalty, that her Ladyship resisted all the precepts of her noble father, and that in the beginning of her career, she seemed more inclined to the dull monotony of a rural retirement, than to the brilliant scenes and splendid gaiety of an elegant, voluptuous city. Be that as it may, such rare, although latent accomplishments, were not suffered to remain in obscurity; they were certainly first awakened into action by the *forcible lessons* and *vigorous exertions* of a p—ce of the blood*, and from the commencement of her *friendship* with that *thrice renowned warrior*; that *ardent, irresistible L-v-r*, may be dated the *glorious conquest* she atchieved over the innumerable host of contending rivals. We cannot therefore in strict justice, assign the *superiority* of this *great* female character, altogether to her own *innate* worth. She must be content to divide the *praise* with him, who *tenderly* bestowed such uncommon pains both on her

* His R-y-l H-n-fs the D—e of Y—k.

mind and *body*. To him she is indebted for those *easy* manners; that free, but HIGHLY POLISHED conversation, (*never interlarded with obscene* or profane expressions, much too common with the generality of her sex), which indicate the peculiar delicacy of a *feminine mind*; and to him, she is no less indebted for those frank, liberal sentiments, that she manifests by the truly disinterested, *public-spirited* sacrifice, which she never refuses to make of her *body*, whenever the *happiness* of a FRIEND requires it.

It has been said, "that Cæsar's wife should not be *suspected*," and the Peer seems to agree with this maxim. His noble mind, by means of *practical* experience*, long inured to those disasters

* Twice married, no man was ever better trained to the yoke of Wedlock than L—d T——l; naturally of a gloomy, saturnine disposition, during the former *marriage* his temper frequently burst out in violent fits of jealousy, which were expressed so furiously, as to alarm his *spouse*, for her personal safety;—she therefore, after innumerable *rehearsals* of these scenes, judged proper to *elope*, and the elopement was followed up by a divorce, which enabled him to marry again. Conscious of superior prowess in all the pleasing *arts* and *duties* required of a husband, he again boldly rushed forward to the temple of Hymen, the result of which second nuptials,

disasters which *will* happen in married families, soars above *suspicion*. "It is not, (he tells us), to make *him jealous*, to say his wife is fair;—that she loves good company, plays, sings, and dances well; nor from his own *weak* merits, will *he* draw the smallest doubt or fear of revolt, for she had eyes and chose *him**,"—that is to say, his *title*, which by our *superiors*, is held of far more importance, than the MAN HIMSELF. The character of a husband, either for talents or morals, is a very secondary consideration. Amongst the *great*, *money* and *rank* are the *virtuous* bonds, by which the marriage contract is cemented.

In the present couple, we have an exact picture of modern manners, and from their constant appearance together, at all public places, surrounded by a crowd of *insinuating*, sweet-scented *muscadins*, attached to her Lady-

nuptials, is perfectly well known in all the fashionable circles. Joy and happiness crown their union, "*all their ways are pleasantness,—and all their paths are peace.*" But if discord or jealousy *did* disturb their quiet, alas! there exists no remedy, to the evil; for, according to the sacred laws of the church, it is ordained, that no persons shall be twice divorced; so that death alone can unloose the knot.

* Shakespeare.

ship's

ship's suite, the frequenters of our theatres have an excellent opportunity of forming an accurate judgment respecting the *divine joys* of matrimony in the elevated circles of aristocracy, and of those *tranquil endearments*, which may be supposed to attend their hours of domestic solitude. The example ought to convey profitable instruction, were the people in habits of close observation. We therefore trust that her Ladyship will not soon relax in the zeal she has hitherto shewn *pro bono publico*; and above all, we hope the rumour abroad is not true, that she refuses to her L—d, the lawful privileges of a *loving husband*.

We had almost forgotten to remark, that Lady T——— is sister-in-law to the *noted* Colonel F-t-n C-wr-ne; a *gentleman* whose *amiable* versatility*, and political exertions have lately attracted the notice of his r-y-l master, by whom he has been graciously appointed to the command of a battalion in the Middlesex militia, and who it is *shrewdly* suspected, has an Irish peerage in embryo for him. It rejoices us whenever we have an

* The Colonel when he began his senatorial career, was a most desperate Foxite, but when his *Papa-in-law* was made an *English Lord*, he also *changed sides*.

opportunity of recording the just rewards conferred on merit. The eloquence which Mr. C-wt-ne of late displayed in the senate, raises his reputation as an *orator*, far beyond that of Colonel T-lt-n, or even of Lord M-lg-ve himself:—the talents that reflected eternal honour both on his head and heart, when he so ably and warmly defended the justice and humanity of the Slave Trade, wisely and consistently denouncing all men as traitors to their country, who favoured the *inhuman* idea of its abolition, are an irrefragable proof of a tender, merciful disposition, and that he possesses all the *congenial virtues* of his BEST FRIEND; the strict integrity also with which he discharges his civil functions as a police, and his military duties as a FIELD OFFICER, rivet him in the affections of an admiring and grateful nation.

The *improvements* which the Colonel has lately exhibited before the public, in his senatorial capacity, are so much the more meritorious and astonishing, as at Eton school, he was regarded by all the masters, (to use the Etonian phrase), as a *blunt*:—that is, the Colonel's head was then so impenetrably thick, as to be deemed incapably of receiving any

any impression whatever ;—therefore, he enjoyed a very *enviable* privilege ;—an exemption from *flogging*, owing to his incapacity for learning, and the cruelty of punishing a boy for stupidity that did not depend on himself, but which could be assigned to nature alone. Is it not then amazing that the *brave* Colonel should at present shine one of the brightest ornaments in the British senate?

It has been insinuated against his pretensions to the peerage, that his father was a *pettifogging* attorney ; but when it is remembered, that the present Lord E-dl-y was once a Jew, and L—d K-ny-n, clerk to a money scrivener *, such objection can carry no weight ; therefore we doubt not, his Majesty will soon be pleased to confer this best mark of royal approbation.

* Mr. T-mpk-f-n, a notorious Usurer and Scrivener resident at N-mptwich, Cheshire.

THE BLUE STOCKING JOCKIES.

THE Society of *blue stocking Jockies*, concerning which, it is incumbent on us to offer a few words, originated in a laudable resolution amongst certain *fine* ladies to establish an Aristocracy in the republic of letters.—“ Oh! it was horrid that *low people, people of no fashion* should obtain public consideration “ by literary merit;” and therefore they aspired to a degree of monopoly, to become the arbiters of *all* works issuing from the press. Vanity, or rather a consciousness of the *just* deference due to their *rank* and *fortune*, encouraged them to hope that they should soon be able to pluck from plebeian brows the laurel and the bays.—In consequence of this powerful combination against the general efforts of genius and talents, great interest was made to be admitted members of so *august* and *enlightened* an association, by every species of *Lady Authors*, and their numerous train of humble dependents, from the accomplished Lady C-v-n *, down to Mrs. Hannah M-re.

* Now the immaculate M-g-v-ne of A-p-ch.

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A good woman, Mrs. Mont-gue (famous for her wealth, and annual dinner to the wretched chimney sweeper apprentices, as also for having written a book, in answer to Voltaire's criticisms on Shakespeare, unequal contest, a pigmy against a giant,) was a principal ring-leader of this new academy. The meetings were to be held at her grand hotel in Portman Square, and it was there wisely decided, that her opinion, on all occasions, should be final and conclusive; nor is this respectful distinction to be wondered at, when we consider, that she had composed a work, which some persons had read, and which a few had praised.—The victory to be sure, was rather partial, because it evidently appeared from the lady's book, that Voltaire did not understand English, and that she herself was wholly ignorant of the French. Besides, she seemed so *unique*, so *liberal* in her annual banquet to the poor little *sweeps*, that all her decrees passed unanimously in the society. We, however, who examine the benevolencies of those who style themselves the Great, with an impartial eye, cannot discover any transcendent charity in a *public, ostentatious* expenditure of a few pounds *once a year*, out of an
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immense property, which bestows on the *Lady's dear self* every indulgence, and luxury *all the year round*. What a profanation of terms to call this charity; to bestow plenty one day, that famine may be more cruelly felt the next. These children of sorrow are trained to the hardest of all servitude, and yet perhaps, in every respect, they fare worse, if possible, than persons in any other condition of life. To behold these little victims of an arbitrary, unnatural Brute*, regale themselves to-day, without procuring them the same consolation, or even a morsel of bread for to-morrow, must excite pain, rather than pleasure, in a truly *sensible*, compassionate heart.—They have an *equal* right from the God of all, and an *additional* right from their severe labour, to the comforts of society, and it is only the hardened deprivation, and cruelty of political institutions, that rob them of these comforts. Let us hear no more then, of Mrs. Mont-gue's public chimney sweeper *festival*, a subtraction of five pounds, from an income of 8000l. a year. It is provoking

* The abuse of power is manifest in every condition of life, from a *K—g* to a *Master Chimney-sweeper*, How cautious ought we therefore to be in granting Powers!

when

when one hears such language, an insult to reason, an outrage on humanity; and when we are told of a Lord, a Duke, or an *Esquire*, with ten, twenty, forty thousand per annum, wasting more than half their estates on their hounds and their horses, their equipage, and their palaces; while on the other side, we are triumphantly told that these *grand seigneurs* bestow a few pecks of coals, and a few pounds of beef at *christmas*, on naked shivering villagers, the feeling heart recoils from the panegyric, and disdains the *virtue* of such *frozen charity* *. But let us return to a more agreeable

* Another *illustrious* specimen of *Aristocratic munificence* in behalf of a man, who from his profession, must be considered what they call a *Gentleman*, and consequently *deserving* of their protection, must not be omitted.

CASE OF REAL DISTRESS:

“ A Clergyman upwards of sixty, who has been
 “ thrown into prison (for the *small sum of ten pounds*)
 “ where he is likely to end his days, without the kind
 “ assistance of some humane and charitable persons.
 “ He literally subsists on the gaol allowance, (*bread and*
 “ *water*) not having *one shilling, nor even a bed.*”

“ The *smallest donations* will be most gratefully acknowledged at Messrs. *Ransom, Morland, and Ham-*
 “ *merly's,*

able subject; the *dear ladies* under our more immediate consideration. How they came to *distinguish* themselves by the appellation of *blue stockings*, it would be hard to decide, as the term conveys rather a light and *lascivious* idea; gradually leading the fancy upwards to the garter, and so on, to perhaps an improper and alarming height. Now it is very well known, that the *fair* members of this *Lyceum*, are in general, chaste even to a fault; most of them preferring to let their charms be withered by time, than submit them to the *rude mercy* of that *odious monster man*; we must therefore imagine, that the name originated in some happy and sudden flash of wit, which fortunately found out a resemblance between things seemingly so unlike, as *genius* and *coloured stockings*.

Were we to enumerate all the members of this society, we should afford but little entertainment to our readers, for very few of them are known to the public by any literary excellence; yet we cannot pass over in silence, Mrs. Bull-r, a lady so extremely learned, as

"*merfly's*, Pall-Mall." Vide Morning Chronicle, March 15, 1794, and the Morning Chronicle, March 24, 1794.

always

always to have a *Greek* book in her pocket ; to the admiration of the ignorant, and wonder of the wise. Miss Hannah M-re deserves also to be celebrated for her religious zeal, and aristocratic ardour, a downright Bishop H-rs-y in petticoats, and who is not only a poetess ; but likewise a patroness, her original tragedy *, being a proof of the one, and Anne Yearley, *the muse of milk*, an evidence of the other. In truth, Miss Hannah had long been in search of a *genius* in low life, to whom, by affording protection, she might raise her own reputation, in a display of superior taste and discernment. Her first *genius* however, whom she found starving under a hay-stack, did not answer the purpose, so she was immediately restored to her original station ; but with Anne Yearly, she succeeded to her most sanguine hopes, as all who have read that *milmaid's* poetical sonnets will testify. Our amiable patroness has a more powerful claim to the popularity she enjoys, as author of a pamphlet against the *murderous Atheists* of France, (for she is herself a most devout Or-

* Percy, a tragedy, the first dramatic essay of Miss Hannah Mo-re's *virgin* muse, still cherished by the fair author, but long since totally forgotten by the public.

thodox christian, and attends her young ladies to church twice every sunday *) a book earnestly recommended and profusely circulated by that impartial critic, Mr. REEVES, and the profits arising from the sale of which, she most liberally applied to relief of the French refugee *papists*; but she has still additional claims on public gratitude; her charity knows no bounds, equally extended to all; Foreigners and Natives. The loyal Hannah is now at the head of a *patriotic* association, consisting intirely of *ladies*, for the express purpose, of providing our *brave* militia soldiers with shoes, which we must allow, is not only a noble, but also, a most *political* exertion on her part, as such examples of fervent loyalty, cannot fail prodigiously to increase her number of scholars; though the charity itself rather implies a kind of *oblique* censure on government,

* Miss Hannah M-re is governess of an *elegant* boarding-school, at Bristol; we believe a romantic elopement took place in her virtuous seminary a few years ago. The Author was mistaken; Miss Hannah M-re has quitted the boarding-school some years, she now resides in London. The school is kept by the Miss M-lls, under whose care the young lady was when the elopement took place. Miss Hannah would have been more circumspect.

which

which out of the eleven millions already voted in the present year 1794, cannot spare where-withall to keep the poor fellows feet properly *shoed*. Let her, however, go on in her career, and she may probably soon, like her renowned prototype Reeves, (who gets from the c-wn, paid by John Bull, 3000l. a year for the *work* he performs) be at the head of a petticoat gang, united against Levellers and Republicans, for the preservation of grievances; and ultimately gain an appointment, suitable to her talents, equal to her *deserts*. May an *honourable pension* crown her *glorious labours*.

The remaining members of this eccentric society, are a Mrs. O-de, a lady of *little note*, but of *some fortune*, of a most *oily* address, and truly loyal conduct.—Lady L-can, to whom we have allotted a distinct place in the present volume, two delicate virgins of the name of B-rry, a variety of *old maids*, Miss Edward J-n-gh-m, and the Right Honourable Lady Horace W-lp-le, *Countess* of Orf-rd, the *sympathising guardian* of the immortal Chatterton, who in a fit of despair, put an end to his existence, in a wretched garret in Shore-ditch, to avoid the horrors of being starved to death! Blush grandeur, shudder ye TITLED

BOOKWORMS, ye effected patrons of genius, at recollection of his name. With these ladies, we conclude our characters ; God help them all, and turn their hearts from *literature* to Charity. Amen.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

IN the preceeding sheets, the author has indulged the undoubted privilege of a FREE-BORN BRITON, to inveigh against the frontless apostacy of a corrupt profligate minister, destitute of merit or humanity, whom he beholds leagued with a banditti of ruthless tyrants, to destroy the freedom and independence of Nations, without a pang of remorse; sowing treason and rebellion in the fairest provinces of the earth, almost weekly sending forth hundreds of his ignorant, deluded, countrymen, to inevitable slaughter, and swearing never to sheath the sword of war, till France be exterminated, or her liberty conquered *; but he has been careful to avoid every expression

* It seems the plan of this flimsy, but cruel politician, to conquer France in Corsica or the West Indies, or to reduce twenty-five millions to slavery by FAMINE. Horrible, preposterous idea! If, however, the French islands should be *conquered*, let him beware, lest ere long they should be *reconquered* in Flanders, Germany, or in other European countries, where we have a far dearer interest.

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of disrespect against his Majesty's person or government, that might afford a shadow of pretext for instituting a prosecution against himself, the publisher, or sellers of his book ; should however, any such expression inadvertently, and doubtless, unintentionally, have escaped from his pen, he intreats to deprecate their wrath, and he flatters himself, before they point their vengeance against his *feeble* essay, avowedly written from the purest motives ;—to promote the interests of suffering humanity, to stop the career of slaughter and desolation, and to expose the hardened miscreants of folly and of vice, that they will begin with one of their own HIRE-LINGS *, who in a pamphlet, written in vindication of the present government, has published the most *atrocious* libel on our *glorious* constitution, that has been ever attempted by the most seditious author, since our *immortal* revolution in 1688. The following passages

* Mr. Arthur Young, author of the Farmer's Letters, who formerly devoted his literary talents to the service of the people, now secretary to the newly appointed board of agriculture, and notoriously, a hireling apostate in the pay of administration.

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in confirmation of this assertion are extracted from the pamphlet alluded to.

“ The house of commons are corrupted
 “ and bribed, and if the nature of such an
 “ assembly demands to be corrupted in order
 “ to pursue the public good, who but a visi-
 “ onary can wish to remove corruption * ?
 Again, “ Influence, or as reformers call it,
 “ corruption, is the oil which makes the
 “ machine of government go well † .” Final-
 “ ly, EXTRAVAGANT COURTS, SELFISH MI-
 “ NISTERS, and CORRUPT MAJORITIES, are
 “ so intimately interwoven with our prac-
 “ tical freedom, that it would require better
 “ political anatomists than our modern re-
 “ formers, to shew on fact, that we did not
 “ owe our liberty to the identical evils which
 “ we want to expunge.” ‡

Our lawyers are unanimous in opinion, that
a libel, is not less a libel for the truth which it
contains ; the author, therefore, most seriously
 demands of Mr. Attorney General, and the
candid, disinterested, Mr. W-te, S-ll-t-r to

* Arthur Young's Example of France, a warning to
 Britain, page 92.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. page 171.

the T-f-ry, whether in their *consciences*, they can hold themselves justified in continuing to prosecute *petty, insignificant cavillers*, while they allow such a GIGANTIC LIBELLIST, as Mr. A-t--r Y--ng, to pass unmolested!—Nay, while they behold him protected and rewarded by their Masters. *It is their official duty to deal out impartial justice, and the public expect it from them.*



